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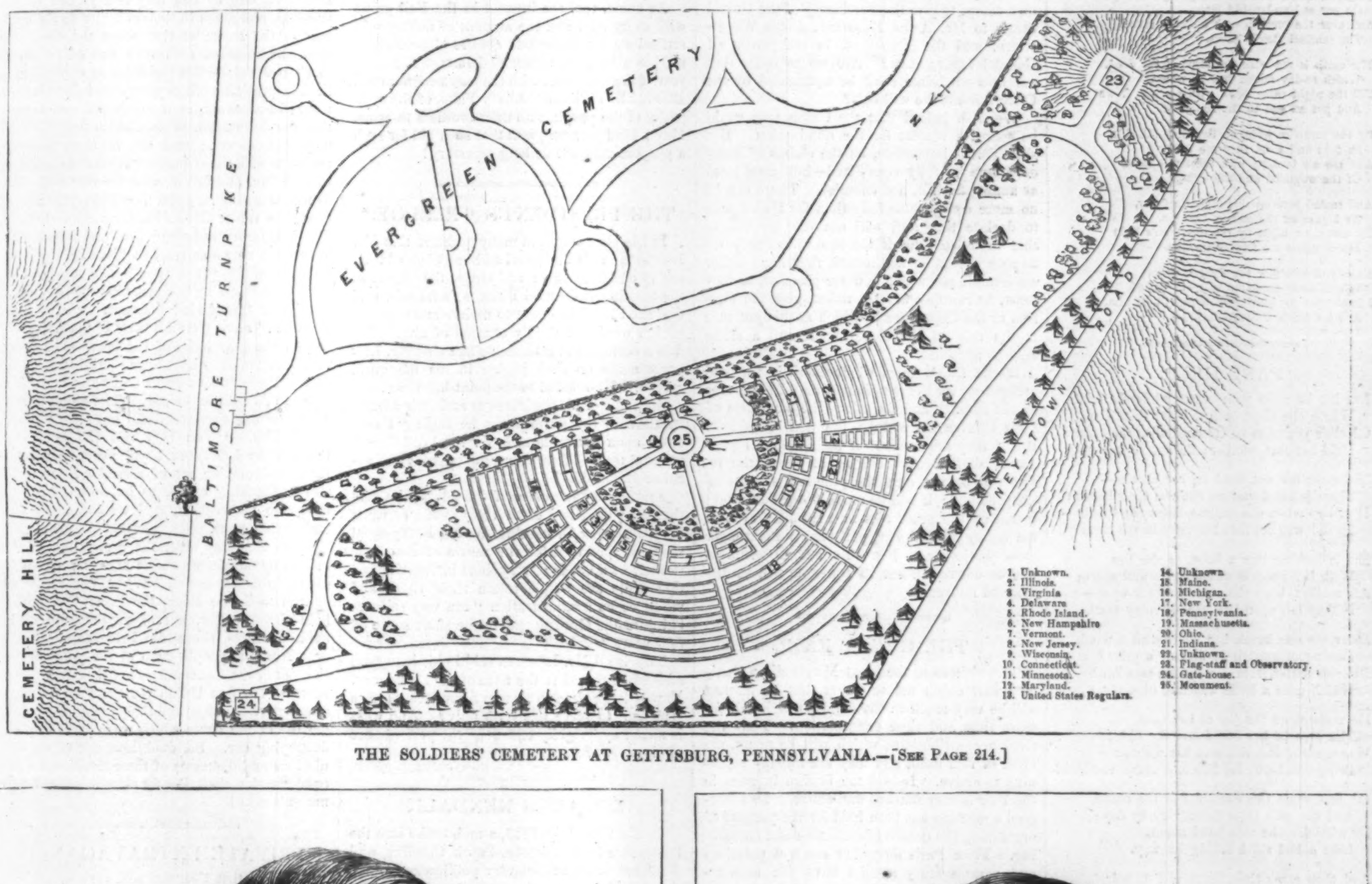
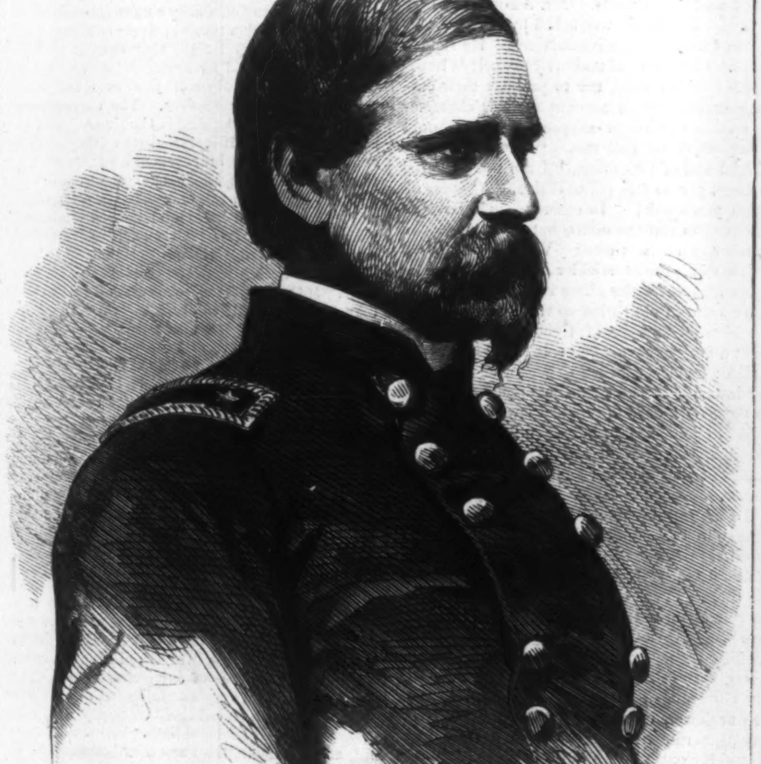


THE SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.—[See Page 214.]



GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 214.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 214.]

BY THE CAMP-FIRE.

THE night was dark, and the fire-fly's spark
Glowed red in the reeds by the river,
And the fitful breeze in the weird pine-trees
Made their dusky branches shiver.

By the ruddy light of our camp-fires bright,
Which blazed in the trench before us,
We sat and sang till the wild woods rang
With the echo of our chorus.

Beyond the stream we could see the gleam
Of the fires that the foe had lighted,
And here and there in the flickering glare
Their forms we dimly sighted.

The night wind sighed as our chorus died,
And we thought of the coming morrow,
When the morn should wake, and the gray dawn break,
With its awful weight of sorrow.

* * * * * * *

I sit to-night by the camp-fire's light,
While the dismal rain is falling,
And in my breast beats a heart oppressed
By a sense of gloom appalling.

The river flows, and the firelight glows
On our sad and pallid faces,
And over the ground, with a weary sound,
The sentinel slowly paces.

The earth is red with the blood of the dead,
Which to-day flowed free as water,
Till the night came down with a sullen frown
And put an end to the slaughter.

By the turnpike wide, on the steep hill-side,
In field and wood they are lying;
And the air is sown with the feeble moan
Of the wounded and the dying.

And seated here on this night so drear,
As I gaze on the embers burning,
To that other night by the camp-fire's light
My thoughts are forever turning.

I think of one, now the fight is done,
Whom death from my side has parted,
I know that for him sweet eyes will be dim,
And a maiden broken-hearted.

PAST HELP.

LET her lie upon your breast while she faints,
Where she slept such a short time ago.
O! she's young to be crowned with the saints:
Hold her fast, mother; do not let her go!

The roses are not dead on her cheeks—
There is but a passing chill on their bloom;
It will go when she smiles—when she speaks—
Hush! was not that her voice in the room?

She is looking like a babe, as she lies
With her ringlets swept aside and apart;
Ah, mother, keep the tears in your eyes—
If they fall upon her face she may start.

Did some one break her heart with a word,
Having grasped it at first as a prize?
Did she flutter from his hand like a bird,
Which goes a little way and then dies?

He remembers the joy of her face,
The love in her smile and the light,
When, shrinking, she met his embrace—
Bring him here; let him look at her to-night!

O! first came the wonder and the doubt,
And the pale hope fading day by day;
So wistfully she wandered about,
Like a lost child asking its way.

And then came the silence and despair,
And the sighing after wings like a dove,
And the proud heart bleeding into prayer,
But hiding all its wounds from our love.

It is over, and the tale is all told,
And the white lamb lies dead in the frost:
We may cover up its limbs from the cold,
But we can not find a life that is lost.

Yet we thought that she moved; but her cheek
Was but stirred by the breast where it lay
Heaving a little, while we speak,
With the mute sobs forcing their way.

Let them come, poor mother! let them come;
You must turn, when your tears are all done,
To a blank in the sweet talk at home,
And a name on a little gray stone.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1864.

UNION.

GENERAL FRÉMONT has been formally presented as a Union candidate for the Presidency, upon a platform which describes him as "the true representative of the instincts of the hour," and characterizes the policy of the Administration as "irresolute and feeble." The resolutions of the meeting declare that FRÉMONT is nominated as its candidate, but no reference was made to the action of a National Convention.

Mr. GREELEY, who was present, corrected this omission in his remarks. He did not say for whose nomination he should work, except so far as his adherence to the one-term tenure implied that it would not be for Mr. LINCOLN. But he said frankly that he intended to give his enthusiastic and hearty support to the candidate of the Convention. That was an honorable and timely assertion.

With him we are the friends of all the gentlemen named for the Union candidacy. But we have a preference among them, which does not in the least involve our personal respect and regard for them. We are very profoundly convinced that it is better for the good cause that Mr. LINCOLN be retained. But should the people in their Convention decide otherwise, we shall, with all loyal men, acquiesce.

All that we ask of those who favor General FRÉMONT, or General BUTLER, or General GRANT, or any other candidate, is that they shall openly declare their submission to the final verdict of the people in that Convention; and we complain that many of the friends of General FRÉMONT present his name as a candidate in any case, and that they wage war upon an Administration which they helped to bring into power, and which has carried out their own general policy—not always, indeed, in the precise way nor exactly as fast as they wished—with a ferocity which no Copperhead surpasses. They speak of Mr. LINCOLN very much as they spoke of Mr. BUCHANAN. Is such conduct fair, or is it wise? Does any sane Union man propose, by an exasperating quarrel in our own camp, to give the Presidency of the United States to Mr. AMOS KENDALL, Judge WOODWARD, and the SEYMOURS, in the person of General M'CLELLAN? Are we to insist that our own candidate shall be nominated by the Convention or we will bolt?

We wish indeed that the Union men could be spared a contest for the nomination. But since that is impossible, let the claims of every candidate be fully considered—but considered as among friends, not enemies. There can be no more conspicuous folly than for Union men to declare that they will not vote for this or that candidate; for if the one whom they renounce should be nominated, they must either eat humble pie, which is never pleasant, or they must, by running a third ticket, give the election to the Copperheads, which at this juncture is the ruin of the Government and a crime against mankind.

If the Union men, whatever their personal preferences for the nomination may be, are true to the country and the cause, the candidate of their Convention will be the next President. But if they are untrue—if the conflict of preference shall throw them out of power, the result will be not only the practical success of the rebellion; it will be much worse than that; it will be the proof that in a republic, even in the agony of civil war, party-spirit is stronger than patriotism. Not only our Government will be destroyed, but its principle will be discredited forever.

THE GREAT FAIR.

THE visitors to the great Metropolitan Sanitary Fair ought not to forget that its interest will be very much in the details, which will require time and close examination. Thus the foreign contributions, which will be many, are often of this kind, and they are already beginning to arrive. Indeed the foreign interest in the Fair is very marked and active. In Liverpool a meeting has been held for the purpose of organizing the details of collecting and forwarding. From Paris forty-four cases of paintings and various fancy articles have just been received. Mr. JAMES PHALEN sends a copy of a true portrait of OLIVER CROMWELL. From Frankfort-on-the-Main Germany sends money and boxes of books.

From Switzerland also considerable contributions are promised. In the Consular district of Zurich the money subscriptions have already reached the sum of four thousand francs, and were still pouring in at the last accounts. The monks of Einsiedeln have sent two large and superb volumes of the choicest engravings. Mrs. MARY GESSNER FASI, the grand-daughter of LAVATER, has given one of her grandfather's manuscript sermons in LAVATER's own handwriting. The sermon was preached in Zurich, November, 1782, and closes with a short original hymn. The sermon has never been published. Mr. FASI GESSNER has contributed some original water-colored flower pictures; and several authors have given copies of their works. Many of the ladies of Zurich are still at work preparing fancy articles for the Fair. Among the minor gifts received by the Zurich Committee is a bead purse from a little girl who has a brother in the Union army, and whose young heart, no doubt, has found a deep joy in contributing her mite to the great Fund out of which her absent brother, and all absent brothers, are cared for and relieved in the sad days of hospital and camp suffering.

Italy organizes by a meeting in Rome, at which Rev. Dr. M'CLINTOCK, who from the beginning has done the good cause such valuable service in Europe, made an eloquent address. Two thousand scudi, or dollars, were subscribed for the Roman table at the Fair, which will be under the superintendence of Mrs. BLATCHFORD, wife of our late Minister to Rome. The money will be expended in characteristic Roman articles. Mr. TILTON, the painter, gives his picture of Torcello, near Venice. Mr. IVES, the sculptor, gives his bust of Secretary SEWARD at cost price to the Committee; and other sculptors are forwarding their gifts.

Among the foreign contributions we notice especially a noble one of coffee from Costa Rica, the most flourishing of all the States of Central America.

The "Old Curiosity Shop" will contain not a few interesting things, prominent among which will be a small collection of some relics from the Sir JOHN FRANKLIN expedition, exhibited by Captain PARKER SNOW, himself an Arctic explorer. They are mostly taken from the boat found on the west coast of King William's Island in May, 1859. In the boat were two skeletons. One was found with the head leaning upon the hand, and in the hand a prayer-book open to the service for the burial of the dead at sea. The stained pages of that service are in this collection. There are also a rusty razor, a bit of Windsor soap, shreds of cloth and buttons, parts of a stocking, a knot of rope, an Esquimaux pipe, etc. They are all very small, and the collection is in a case which can be easily lifted. There is also some sugar in a glass vial from the "Jury" beach stores, left in 1825, and some sugar as packed for the sledges of traveling parties. A profoundly sad interest invests all of them.

At home, too, the interest in the Fair grows with every day, and the amount of money subscribed by the dry-goods dealers alone already reaches a hundred thousand dollars. The third year of the war opens with the magnificent proof, afforded by all these Sanitary Fairs, of the sympathy of the people with their brothers in arms. May a kind Heaven grant that such aid for such a purpose may not be long necessary!

THE PRESIDENT'S "PLEDGE."

IT has been stated in many quarters that Mr. LINCOLN, in his inaugural address, pledged himself to one term only; and one of the orators at the meeting of General FRÉMONT's friends, said that the President ought to understand that this pledge would be rigidly exacted of him. But it is a curious and interesting fact that Mr. LINCOLN made no such pledge in his inaugural speech. He alluded to the point but twice.

Speaking of his predecessors and their administration of the government he said: "I now enter upon the same task, for the brief Constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulties."

And toward the close of the address he said that the people had given their public servants but little power for mischief, and had with equal wisdom "provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals;" and that while the people retain their virtue and vigilance no administration "can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years."

This is all Mr. LINCOLN said in his inaugural address in regard to the term of the Presidency. How is it possible to torture from such words a "pledge" to serve one term only? And what is meant by "rigidly exacting" the performance of his pledge?

MR. AMOS KENDALL.

ON the 29th July, 1835, a mob broke into the Post-office in Charleston, South Carolina, and destroyed some anti-slavery publications which they found in the mails. Mr. AMOS KENDALL, Postmaster-General, was asked by the Post-officers in Charleston for instructions. He replied that he "had no legal authority to exclude newspapers from the mail, nor to prohibit their carriage or delivery on account of their character or tendency, real or supposed." We should rather think he had not. "BUT," says this faithful tool of Despotism, "I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak!" In other words, I have no authority to rob the mails, but I authorize you to rob them. And why? What is the reason which this present stickler for Constitutional rights alleges for the crime at which he winks? "We owe an obligation to the laws," says the Presidential sponsor of General M'CLELLAN, "but a *higher* one to the communities in which we live; and if the former be permitted to destroy the latter, it is patriotism to disregard them." In those dark days the higher law might be invoked to help slavery, but when it was called to aid liberty it was an infamy, and Mr. AMOS KENDALL and his kind held up pious hands of horror.

To secure the unquestioned domination of slavery in this country, by destroying the very cardinal principle of our Government, the right of free debate, Mr. AMOS KENDALL connived at the robbery of the United States mails. That is his sole claim to the remembrance of the American people. And when that despotism, strengthened by the acts of Mr. KENDALL and his associates, springs at the throat of the nation, and the Government in struggling for its life uses its war powers more gently and generously than any Government ever before used them, Mr. AMOS KENDALL cries out—Heaven save the mark!—against violations of personal right, and hopes we shall be very "kind" to his old masters, who are stabbing the Government whose powers he prostituted and whose name he disgraced.

This is the man who offers General M'CLELLAN to the people of this country as a candidate for the Presidency, and General M'CLELLAN must not complain if he is judged by his sponsors and his correspondents. The man whom AMOS KENDALL nominates, and who wrote a letter in favor of the election of Judge WOODWARD in Pennsylvania, can not be the chief magistrate of a people fighting for their lives and liberties against a despotism which AMOS KENDALL and Judge WOODWARD have always faithfully served.

GOVERNOR ISAAC MURPHY, OF ARKANSAS.

THE case of ISAAC MURPHY, who, by the verdict of the people, is now Governor of Arkansas, affords another illustration of the maxim that time brings its rewards as well as its revenges. No man's course has in it more of romantic interest than his. In the State Convention which voted Arkansas out of the Union Mr. MURPHY's voice was the only voice raised boldly in denunciation of the final and decisive vote. Others had opposed secession down to that critical moment, but one by one they had yielded to the pressure, and given in their adhesion to the madness of the hour; so that when the final vote upon the secession ordinance was called MURPHY's name alone was registered in opposition to it. The presiding officer announced that the vote would be repeated, as it was hoped and desired that the declaration of the Convention might be a unanimous one; and Mr. MURPHY was appealed to with the strongest persuasions to desert the old flag, and fall in with the current. But as well might the traitors have attempted to beat down the White Hills with persuasive rhetoric. Judge MURPHY remained firm and immovable. When the vote was retaken his voice again uttered an indignant negative. The conspirators, shamed perhaps by his steadfast loyalty, could not brook this added defiance. "Kill him! kill him!" came from all parts of the hall; and but for the gray hairs of the brave old patriot, he would doubtless have been sacrificed upon the spot. Perhaps his own firmness also had something to do with his escape. The violence with which he was threatened did not for a moment appall him. "You may run the cold steel through my heart, but I will never, never vote for any damnable act of secession!" were his still unflinching words, as he turned his back upon the Convention, and walked away with unfaltering steps.

From that day until the occupation of Arkansas by our forces Judge MURPHY was a fugitive from his home. When our army advanced to Little Rock, the State Convention, held shortly after, out of appreciation of his noble qualities, chose him Provisional Governor. Now the people have at the polls ratified that act of the Convention, and ISAAC MURPHY becomes the first Union Governor of Arkansas after her restoration, and the purging away from her life of the curse which was corrupting and destroying her. So, doubtless, out of the tribulations and distresses of these times, some just compensation shall flow for all who suffer for the nation's sake!

PRIVATE EXTRAVAGANCE.

WE hope that Congress will very seriously revise the Revenue Act, and by a more direct, copious, and skillful taxation compel private economy. Let us have the money for the Government and the war that is now paid for French wines and foreign silks. We need money more than ever, and we are wasting it beyond precedent. The extravagance of living is a menacing sign of the times. The war is proving us all. It is trying our quality. If we are not individually brave enough to retrench, we are not collectively heroic enough to endure the war and fight it to the end. The masses of the rebel States, the deluded and betrayed men who are struggling against their own liberties and interests, are yet tough enough to submit to extreme privation. Their women and children share the sacrifice. If the fight is more earnest and real to them than to us they will surely win. And if we idly squander the money, without which the war can not continue, what right have we to suppose ourselves equal to the task we have undertaken?

Let every man and woman take home the appeal. In the thousand nameless expenses of every day let the check be applied. Every thing costs immensely more than it did, and the national expenses are infinitely increased, and yet there is really no more money than there was. Let us bear these facts in mind; hold it to be a duty to waste as little money as we can, and the day of settlement will not be a day to be dreaded.

PARSEE GENEROSITY.

SOME two or three years ago two Parsee merchants came to this country and traveled leisurely through it as far as the Mississippi River, carefully informing themselves of our character and condition. They were very accomplished and interesting men, and preserved in all its purity the Parsee devotion to their land and faith. Temperate, truthful, and charitable, the Parsees are also among the most peaceful of men; and the agreeable impression made by these two merchants has been lately deepened by an evidence of their interest and sympathy in our country and its struggles.

Mr. RUSSELL STURGIS, of Baring Brothers & Co., London, writes to his brother, Mr. H. P. STURGIS, of Boston, that five of the Parsee firms in London have contributed five hundred pounds sterling "for the support," as Mr. M. H. CAMA, one of the Parsees, expresses it, "of the poor negroes who are emancipated in America from bondage by the be-

nign Government of the United States of America." In accordance with the generous intention Mr. H. P. STURGIS has paid $1812.96 each to Governor ANDREW, STEPHEN COLWELL, and F. G. SHAW, Esquires, respectively Presidents of the Boston, Philadelphia, and New York Freedmen's Relief Associations.

It is one of the pleasant incidents of the time; for the Parsees, although the shrewdest and most successful merchants of the East, are still exiles for centuries from their native land of Persia on account of their religion. They know by sad traditional experience the bitterness of all kinds of persecution, and their charity in America instinctively turns to the most hapless and persecuted people among us.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

SENATE.—*March* 16. Mr. Howard offered a resolution, which was agreed to, directing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of authorizing associations organized under the National Currency act to enter into contracts, to take and receive interest on loans and discounts.—Mr. Foster introduced a bill concerning the disposition of convicts in the courts of the United States, for the subsisting of persons confined in jail charged with violating the laws of the United States, and for diminishing the expenses in relation thereto. The bill authorizes contracts to be made for the labor of all convicts of this class.—Mr. Howard introduced a bill to organize the Invalid Corps of the army on an infantry basis, the corps to consist of four brigades of six regiments each, made up of men in the military service who are unfit for active duty, and of such soldiers as have been honorably discharged as choose to enlist in it.—Mr. Wilson introduced a bill in relation to deserters from the military service, disqualifying all deserters who are beyond the limits of the United States for voting or holding office, but authorizing the President to issue a proclamation of amnesty dependent on their return to the service, with no punishment but loss of pay during their absence, or their re-enlistment in new regiments; deserters hereafter, however, are to be deprived of the rights of citizenship.—The Consular Diplomatic Appropriation bill was passed.—Mr. Sumner moved to amend the bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company of the District of Columbia by inserting a provision that there shall be no exclusion from any car on account of color, upon which debate ensued without any final result.——*March* 17. A bill to carry into effect the convention of Ecuador was reported.—The bill to provide for the summary trial of minor offenses was passed.—The bill to incorporate the Metropolitan Railroad Company of the District of Columbia was taken up and discussed at some length, Messrs. Johnson, Saulsbury, and Doolittle opposing Mr. Sumner's amendment, that no person shall be excluded from the cars of the road on account of color. Finally the amendment was agreed to, and the bill passed.—The bill defining the pay and emoluments of chaplains, after the adoption of an amendment allowing them pay when absent on leave, or on account of disability from service, or in prison, was passed.——*March* 18. The House bill to provide for carrying the mails to foreign parts, and for other purposes, was passed.—The bill to promote enlistments was taken up, and debate ensued on Mr. Wilson's amendment providing for the freedom of the wife and children of each slave recruit. Mr. Wilson thought it was just that protection should be afforded to the families of all negroes who may enlist. Mr. Wilkinson moved to strike out the second section, authorizing commissioners to award to loyal owners of the wives and children of enlisted slaves a just compensation. He did not want the Government to become the purchaser of slaves, or to go too far in acknowledging property in slaves. Messrs. Lane, Brown, and Grimes favored the bill, which, after further debate, involving the whole question of the propriety of compensating owners for slaves, who, should the Constitution be amended, will be free without such purchase, was postponed for future consideration.——*March* 21. A report was presented from the Secretary of War communicating information in reference to the orders of Provost Marshals in Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland concerning elections in those States.—Mr. Lane introduced a bill to amend the act for a grant of land to Kansas in aid of the construction of certain railroads and telegraphs.—The bill to promote enlistments in the army, and for other purposes, was taken up. Mr. Wilson withdrew that part of his amendment giving compensation to loyal owners for slaves who may enlist. Mr. Davis offered an amendment providing that the United States District Court shall appoint three commissioners to make a just valuation to be awarded to loyal owners for slaves set free under the bill. He spoke at length on the amendment. Mr. Wilkinson argued in favor of freeing and employing all the slaves that can be mustered into our armies.——*March* 22. The Senate bill amending an act relative to foreign coins, and the coinage of cents at the United States Mint, was passed. The bill provides that the standard weight of a cent shall be 48 grains, or 1-10th of an ounce Troy, and shall be composed of 95 per centum of copper and 5 per centum of tin and zinc, and that there shall be from time to time coined two-cent pieces, of the same composition, weighing 96 grains. The bill makes one-cent pieces legal tender to the amount of 10 cents, and two-cent pieces to the amount of 20 cents.—Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to carry into effect the treaty between the United States and Great Britain for the final settlement of the claims of the Puget Sound and Hudson's Bay Agricultural Companies.—A resolution was adopted calling for information as to the number and treatment of nine-months' men.—Mr. M'Dougall offered a joint resolution declaring against the interference of France in Mexico.—A bill was referred for the increase of the Marine Corps.—A bill was reported to prohibit traffic in slaves between the States, and the transportation of slaves in any way by land or sea, under the authority of the United States flag.—The bill to promote enlistments was taken up, and Mr. Willey spoke at length in opposition to Mr. Wilson's amendments.

HOUSE.—*March* 16. The House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the Post-office Appropriation bill, appropriating $640,000 for the payment of letter-carriers, and $1,500,000 to meet any deficiency which may exist in the Post-office revenue.—The consideration of the Gold bill was resumed. Mr. Hulburd's amendment providing that the obligation to create the Sinking Fund according to the Act of February, 1862, shall not be impaired by the sale of gold, was agreed to. Mr. Higby opposed the bill on the ground that it proposed to enable the Government to gamble in gold, which he held to be undignified and discreditable. Mr. Kelley favored the measure as calculated to restrain speculation. Mr. Stevens also favored the bill, stating that on the 1st of January next the Government will have $50,000,000 in gold on hand, and have a surplus of which we could make disposition. The previous question was ordered, and the bill was passed. 83 against 57.—The bill to drop from the rolls any unemployed general officers was taken up. Mr. Cox offered a proviso that "whenever any officer comprehended in this act demands a Board of Inquiry, and shall be willing to serve, such Board shall be convened, and if said Board shall find him competent to command in the rank in which he is entitled, he shall be at once restored to active service, with full pay; and, provided further, that all officers who have received the thanks of Congress during the present war shall be exempt from the operation of this act." Mr. Cox supported this amendment at some length, insisting that it would be rank injustice to General M'Clellan and other officers to dismiss them as originally proposed. In the course of his remarks, referring to the report that General M'Clellan had an interview with General Lee after the battle of Antietam, Mr. Cox said M'Clellan had not seen Lee since 1855. Mr. Farnsworth said the bill was not aimed at any particular general officer. It was simply designed to drop a "large number of Major and Brigadier Generals and their staffs who were drawing pay" without performing service—a proposition which seemed to him entirely just, in view of the vast legitimate expenditures of the Government. Mr. Kernan opposed the bill as likely, if passed, to produce irritation, and inflict grievous wrong on many of our best officers. Mr. Garfield said that we ought by some means to provide a way for relieving the Treasury, which was paying officers who were rendering no service. Besides, it is simple justice to officers in the field that this bill should pass. The road to promotion should not be blocked up by those who were performing no duties. As to a Board for the examination of those officers, he considered it impracticable, as decisions on their qualifications might be prompted by political or personal influence.——*March* 17. Mr. Boyd introduced a bill to complete the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad from Rolla to Springfield, Missouri.—The House postponed for three weeks, on motion of Mr. Ashley, the joint resolution to drop from the army rolls unemployed general officers.—The bill declaring the Camden and Atlantic and Delaware and Raritan Bay railroads a national post route was debated, but no vote reached.—A bill to carry into effect the Convention with Ecuador, for the mutual adjustment of claims, was passed.—The House passed the bills to enable Nevada, Colorado, and Nebraska, to form State Governments preparatory to admission to the Union. On a motion to strike out the section prohibiting slavery in the Colorado bill there were 18 yeas and 87 nays. All these bills require an election of delegates to a Convention, which shall submit a Constitution agreed upon to the people for their ratification or rejection, to be held on the second Tuesday of October. The Constitution shall be republican, and not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Declaration of Independence. Slavery shall be prohibited therein by an ordinance forever irrevocable without consent of Congress. When the Constitution is ratified by the people, the President is to declare by Proclamation the admission of these States on an equal footing with the original States, each of which is to be entitled to one member of the House, until the next apportionment, and two Senators, in the Congress of the United States.—A bill was passed creating the Territory of Montana, to comprise the southeastern portion of Idaho.——*March* 18. Mr. Julian introduced a substitute for the bill extending the principles of the Homestead law to persons in the naval and military service on confiscated and forfeited lands. He argued that all such lands should be divided into farms, and settled by emigrants from the loyal States.—Mr. Bennett introduced a bill licensing, under the direction of the Treasury Department and the General Land Office, the working of the gold, silver, and copper mines of the United States.—The Senate bill to facilitate entries by soldiers under the Homestead law of 1862, enabling them to take the oath before a military officer instead of before land officers, etc., was passed.—Mr. Smith made a favorable report on paying Gales & Seaton for certain volumes of Congressional Annals and Debates, claimed to be delivered before the resolution authorizing the supply was repealed. The whole subject was tabled, 67 against 50.——*March* 19. The day was occupied in speech-making, Messrs. Arnold, Wilson, and Miller speaking on the state of the country.——*March* 21. A resolution was adopted requiring the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the Burlington and Missouri, and the Missouri and Mississippi Railroad Companies to refund certain moneys paid to them for the transportation of troops, certain public lands having been given to those roads on condition that they would transport the mails and troops without charge.—Mr. Dumont introduced a bill providing that all bonds, obligations, and undertakings, whether sealed or unsealed, heretofore made, or to be made, to secure the loyalty or good behavior and fidelity to their oath of prisoners of war or paroled prisoners, in order to secure them release, shall be declared valid and binding against the parties making the same and their securities, the penalties to be enforced in any circuit or district court having jurisdiction of the same.—Mr. Eldridge offered a resolution, which was laid over, calling on the President, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, to furnish the names of all persons arrested and held as prisoners for political or other alleged offenses against the Government.—The Committee on Public Lands was directed to ascertain the best mode of securing to the Government the benefits of the gold-bearing region of the public domain.—The House concurred in the Senate amendment to the West Point Academy bill increasing the pay of cadets to that of midshipmen, namely, forty dollars a month. Another amendment was concurred in—that, for one year from the 1st of July next, an additional cadet for each district shall be appointed, as now provided by law.—The House passed the Senate bill giving indemnity to the owners of the French bark *La Mancha*, illegally seized by our blockading squadron.—A bill for the education of engineers and naval constructors at the Naval Academy was introduced by Mr. Rice.—A resolution was passed directing the Committee on Invalid Pensions to inquire into the expediency of legislation upon the equalizing of militia and naval pensions.—The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Army Appropriation bill. Mr. Kernan offered an amendment providing that no part of the money appropriated for army transportation shall be expended for the transportation of civilians employed in the departments of the Government to or from their homes at the public expense. Mr. Kernan stated as a reason for offering the amendment, that he had been informed that thousands had been transported over the railroads to vote at the Pennsylvania elections. This was strongly denied by Messrs. Stevens and Kelley, who called for the proof of the charge. Mr. Kelley said that not a single voter had been sent by the Government into Pennsylvania; the people understood the great issue involved, and themselves rebuked the disloyal party. Mr. Kelley, in the course of his remarks fastened upon Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, an assertion, made before the consummation of secession, that, if separation did come, he wanted the line to be drawn north of Pennsylvania. The House rejected Mr. Kernan's amendment, and also one by Mr. Dawson, of Pennsylvania, providing that none of the money should be used to raise negro troops, and then passed the bill nearly as it was reported.——*March* 22. A bill was passed authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to stipulate for the release from attachment or other process of property claimed by the United States; in other words, to enable Government to make arrangements to use the property it wants without legal process.—The House passed the Senate bill authorizing the President to negotiate a treaty with certain Indians of Southern Oregon for the acquisition of land, appropriating $20,000.—A bill was passed requiring proof that fishermen have paid duty on foreign salt before they are paid the bounties provided for by law. The object of the bill is to prevent frauds on the Treasury, fishermen having procured salt for the curing of their fish in the British provinces, and then claimed the bounties.—The Anti-Railroad Monopoly bill was taken up, and two of the New Jersey members made speeches in opposition thereto. No vote was taken.—Mr. Winter Davis made a long speech on his bill to secure republican government to the several States in rebellion, arguing against reconstruction under the Amnesty Proclamation and by martial law.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

The week presents no change in the military situation.—On the 17th inst. Lieutenant-General Grant issued an order, dated at Nashville, Tennessee, assuming command of the armies of the United States, with head-quarters in the field, which, until further orders, will be with the Army of the Potomac. General Grant reached Washington a few days subsequently.—All the veteran regiments in Ohio belonging to the Army of the South have been ordered to the Army of the Potomac, which has already been strengthened from other quarters.—Dispatches from Chattanooga represent that the rebels are in large force in front of General Thomas's army, but have made no threatening demonstrations.

From New Orleans we hear that General Banks was about (on the 12th inst.) to move with a considerable force into Western Louisiana. A fleet of Admiral Porter's gunboats had already started for Alexandria. It was expected that formidable works of defense would be encountered by the iron-clads on the Red River. General Lee's cavalry had also left New Orleans. An expedition consisting of three brigades has also started from Vicksburg, probably to co-operate in General Banks's movement.

In Virginia every thing remains quiet, except upon the Peninsula, where the enemy exhibit some signs of activity, as if contemplating a movement against General Butler's forces. General Lee is said to be re-organizing his army for the spring campaign.

TROOPS TO BE RAISED.

The War Department has issued a statement exhibiting the quotas of the several States under the last call for troops. Some of the States have large deficiencies yet to supply. The total number of men still to be raised in the various States is as follows: Maine 6641, New Hampshire 2428, Massachusetts 20,592, Vermont 170, Rhode Island 863, Connecticut 2574, New York 59,230, New Jersey 14,234, Pennsylvania 74,127, Delaware 1676, Maryland 21,720, District of Columbia 4855, West Virginia 3190, Ohio 39,223, Indiana 3069, Michigan 7187, Wisconsin 15,402, Minnesota 5437, Iowa 13,040, Missouri 8007, Kansas 2507, Kentucky 15,472—making a grand total of 321,724.

GOVERNOR BROWN ON THE SITUATION.

Governor Brown, of Georgia, has sent a Message to the Legislature of that State recommending a vigorous "State policy" on all war questions, denouncing the financial action of the rebel Congress as "resembling repudiation and bad faith;" objecting to the secret sessions of that body and the suspension of the *habeas corpus* as mischievous; declaring the new military bill to be unconstitutional, and remarking at length upon the unchristian character of the war. He calls upon the Legislature to rebuke the despotic course of Davis and his Congress, and urges that upon all possible occasions the South should offer peace, "keeping before the Northern people the idea that we are ready to negotiate when they are ready and will recognize our right to self-government and the sovereignty of the States." The Message illustrates unmistakably that the confidence of the rebel leaders in their ability to hold out against the loyal North is rapidly waning.

ELECTION IN ARKANSAS.

The State election in Arkansas resulted in the adoption of a Free State Constitution, and the election of Judge Murphy as Governor, with the rest of the Free State ticket, by an almost unanimous vote. The number of votes registered was about fifteen thousand, and the number polled about ten thousand. Eleven counties gave more votes than the whole number required by the President's proclamation to restore Arkansas in the Union.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN ON THE RIGHTS OF LABOR.

A Committee of the New York Working-men's Democratic Republican Association waited upon the President a few days since, to inform him that their Association had elected him an honorary member. The President accepted the honor with thanks, and said the Association evidently comprehended that the existing rebellion meant more, and tended to more, than the perpetuation of African slavery; that it was, in fact, a war upon the rights of working people. In concluding, Mr. Lincoln said:

"The most notable feature of the disturbance in your city last summer was the hanging of some working people by other working people. It should never be so. The strongest bond of human sympathy outside of the family relation should be one uniting all working people of all nations, tongues, and kindreds; nor should this lead to a war on property or owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor. Property is desirable—is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him labor diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

At the conclusion of the President's remarks he handed a copy of his speech to Mr. Still, the Chairman, who, upon receiving it, said:

"On behalf of the Committee, Mr. President, I thank you, and I will only add, that it is the general desire of the working-men of the United States that the next President of the United States shall be from Springfield, Illinois, and that his name be Abram Lincoln."

For which the President answered, "I am very much obliged to you, gentlemen."

MISCELLANEOUS.

The town of Pilatka, on the St. John's River, Florida, a distance of sixty miles from Jacksonville, has been captured by our forces, and will be fortified and held. A large amount of cotton is stored in that vicinity.

In Mobile, according to the *Register*, a "supper for a dozen persons at a restaurant costs $1000." In Richmond, says the *Examiner*, shad sell at $20 apiece.

An immense amount of supplies is accumulating at Nashville. Two hundred thousand tons will probably be discharged there before the close of the high-water season.

Jeff Davis has recommended that Friday, April 8, be observed throughout the rebel domain as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

General Peck has issued an order directing that free-schools for the education of poor white children shall be organized at once in Newbern, North Carolina, and in Washington, Beaufort, and other places, as soon as circumstances will permit.

An order has been issued by General Banks for an election of delegates to a Constitutional Convention in Louisiana, to be held in New Orleans on the 6th of April. There are to be 150 delegates.

Guerrillas have appeared on the Cumberland River, but have been prevented from doing much mischief by the vigilance of our forces.

General Forrest is reported to be organizing for a movement into West Tennessee. He has obtained a large number of horses, and is mounting his infantry. General Grierson's cavalry is watching him.

Rebel reports represent that a large force is at work on the railroads in Mississippi, repairing the damage done by Sherman's raid.

The Richmond *Examiner* is out again in favor of the "black flag" policy. It says the only way to bring the North to terms is to "take no more prisoners"—in other words, to slaughter outright every Union soldier who may fall into their hands.

Adjutant-General Thomas is stationing troops, mostly colored, at the principal points along the lower Mississippi River, to protect the plantations and trade dépôts.

Two of the Judges of the Arkansas State Courts under the Confederate rule have voluntarily come forward and taken the oath of allegiance, and a third is on his way to do likewise. Albert Pike also wishes to come in under the Amnesty Proclamation.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AFFAIRS IN MEXICO.

DISPATCHES received in Washington from Santillo, February 2, show that the reports circulated by the French, that a conflict had broken out between Governor Vidaurre of New Leon, and the Mexican Government, are untrue. The French had made no advances in the last month. On the contrary, they had fallen into deep troubles with the clergy. General Bazaine was at Guadalajara; but he would be obliged to return to the City of Mexico to settle this clerical difficulty, which, it was thought, would require the exile of some of the Bishops. Uraga, Commander-in-Chief of the Mexican army, was about to attack Guadalajara with 10,000 men. General Diez was on the eve of attacking Orizaba with 8000 men on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico.

AFFAIRS IN JAPAN.

Letters from Kanagwa, Japan, dated January 4, represent that a grand council of Daimios was to be held at Yeddo, the result of which, it was believed by many, would be the adoption of an enlightened foreign policy. Fresh intestine disturbances had broken out in various parts of the realm, and assassinations, palace-burnings, and minor disorders were the order of the day and night. The Japanese Government has decided to send another embassy to Europe and America to secure the withdrawal of the treaty powers from Yeddo and Kanagwa, and the limitation of foreign trade and intercourse to the ports of Nagasaki and Hakodadi. The embassy was to leave Kanagwa early in February.—A great fire had occurred at Oasaca, destroying 30,000 houses and 250 warehouses.

THE RAMS IN PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Commons, on the 4th ult., Mr. Shaw Lefevre denounced in strong language the fitting out of rebel rams in England. He maintained that the privateers now afloat were British vessels, and it was folly to call them any thing else. He thought that the *Alabama* ought to have been seized, and contended that all such vessels should be prohibited entering British ports, and if they did British cruisers should seize them. The Attorney-General admitted the privateers might be prohibited entering British ports, and said the Government was considering the subject of excluding them. The appeal to the House of Lords in the *Alexandra* case had been entered for hearing.

THE WAR IN SCHLESWIG.

The Austrian troops have arrived before Düppel, and an attack was shortly expected. Three Prussian war-ships were to proceed immediately from the French port of Brest to the north. The people of Copenhagen, at the new election to the Danish Folkething (House of Representatives), on March 5, declared in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. France as well as England has remonstrated with Prussia against the advance of Prussian troops into Jutland.

THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN.

The Archduke and the Archduchess Maximilian were received by the Emperor of France on the 5th of March. They were to remain in Paris only four or five days, and to proceed from there to England. The arrangements for the departure of the Archduke from Trieste were to be completed on March 15. Immediately upon his return to Miramas he was officially to receive the Mexican deputation and a number of Mexican notables, and formally to accept the crown.

EMANCIPATION IN POLAND.

The Emperor of Russia has issued a decree proclaiming the emancipation of the peasants in Poland. Another decree treats of the organization of the communal administrations on the principle of self-government.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

THE President has prescribed the necessary regulations for enlisting seamen from the army into the navy, and the Secretary of War has designated the entire number, not exceeding 12,000, which it is desirable to have at each of the naval stations fixed upon by him as follows: At Cairo, 1000; Boston, 2000; New York, 5000; Philadelphia, 3000; Baltimore, 1000.

Commodore WILKES, who is now tried by court-martial in Washington, is virtually charged with suffering the *Alabama* to escape. The specifications set forth that he detained the *Vanderbilt*, sent to pursue the *Alabama*, contrary to orders, and afterward wrote an insubordinate letter to the Secretary of the Navy in relation to the affair.

An order has been issued from the Army of the Potomac directing that all ladies within the lines shall leave as early as practicable, and that no more passes shall be granted to such visitors.

All efforts to raise the five war vessels sunk at Norfolk have ceased, rumor says, not to be resumed again. The *Cumberland*, which was struck by the *Merrimac*, can not be raised under any circumstances. Three or four of the small vessels have been brought to the surface, but none of the large ones. About $18,000 have been realized from the sale of materials taken from the wrecks.

Our losses at the battle of Olustee, Florida, were as follows:

7th New Hampshire.—Killed, 17; wounded, 67; missing, 127; total, 211.

8th United States (colored).—Killed, 49; wounded, 193; missing, 64; total, 309.

7th Connecticut.—Killed, 6; wounded, 38; missing 27; total, 71.

54th Massachusetts (colored).—Killed, 9; wounded, 65; missing, 5; total, 79.

115th New York.—Killed, 34; wounded, 202; missing, 58; total, 294.

1st North Carolina (colored).—Killed, 28; wounded, 143; missing, 70; total, 241.

46th New York.—Killed, 17; wounded, 155; missing, 47; total, 219.

47th New York.—Killed, 16; wounded, 199; missing, 80; total, 295.

Artillery.—Killed, 16; wounded, 52; missing, 12; total, 80.

1st Massachusetts Cavalry.—Killed, wounded, and missing, 6.

46th Massachusetts (Mounted Infantry).—Killed, wounded, and missing, 32.

Total killed, 202; total wounded, 1142; total missing, 487. Grand total, 1831.

Thirty-two vessels are now ready for sea, but are waiting for crews. The transfer of sailors from the army will, it is supposed, supply the demand.

Lieutenant-Colonel SANDERSON, who was arrested on charges preferred by Colonel STREIGHT, of having disclosed a plot of the prisoners in Libey Prison to escape to the rebel authorities, has been sent to Fort Warren for detention until evidence can be obtained from released Union prisoners.

There are running at large at least 80,000 deserters. The whole number who have deserted since the war began is stated to be 127,157.

It is officially known that the statement that the *Rappahannock* has left Calais and gone to sea is erroneous. She was still detained at Calais on the 27th of February, and her case was under consideration of the French Government.

Admiral DAHLGREN has transferred his flag from the steamer *Harvest Moon* to the steamer *Baltimore* for the purpose of visiting Fortress Monroe to receive the remains of his son, Colonel DAHLGREN, expected to arrive there by flag of truce boat from Richmond.

It is announced that Minister DAYTON has served a written notification upon the French Emperor that if the rebel cruiser *Rappahannock*, now at Calais, is allowed to proceed to sea, the French Government will be held responsible for all the damage she may do to American commerce.

It is understood that General WADSWORTH is to be assigned to the command of a division in the Army of the Potomac.

A letter received at the Indian Office, from St. Louis, says that General SULLY, who is there, states that a large number of Sioux—two hundred and fifty lodges—have come into Fort St. Pierre to lay down their arms.

General GILLMORE's Chief of Staff, now in Washington with dispatches, states that the City of Charleston is nearly all demolished. But one portion of it is occupied, and that only by troops.

The United States steam-frigate *Powhatan*, Admiral LARDNER commanding, was at Curacoa March 4, to sail for St. Domingo on the 8th.

It is said that General MEADE will retain his position at the head of the Potomac army, and will aid by his counsel and experience the operations of General GRANT.

The Ninth Army Corps (General BURNSIDE's) has been ordered to rendezvous at Annapolis, Maryland. It is thought it will be sent to North Carolina.

General PRICE has resumed command of the rebel troops in Arkansas, and has issued an address to his army, promising to retrieve their former disasters.

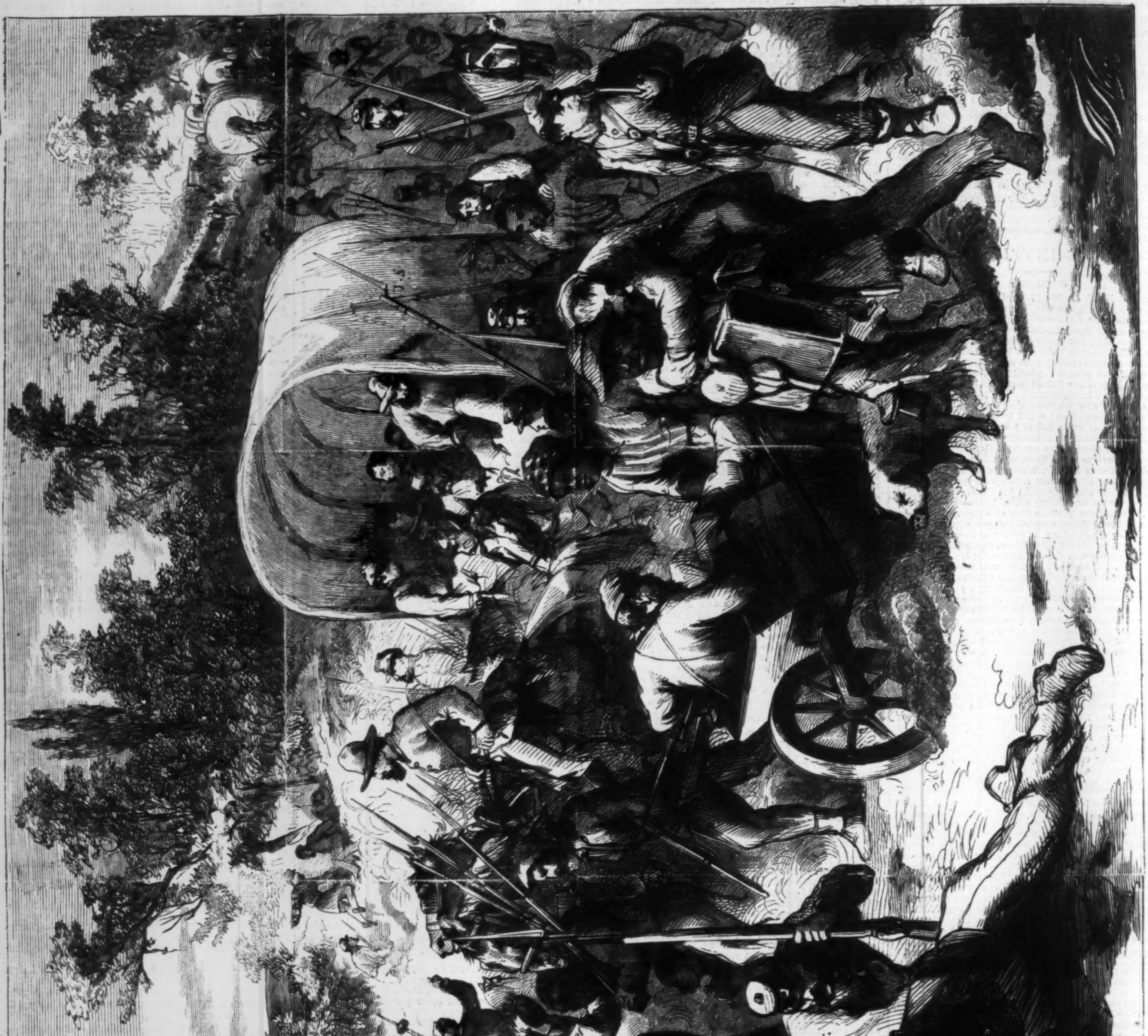
The captured steamer *Chesapeake* has been delivered by the Halifax authorities into the possession of the Federal Navy.

General ROSECRANS has issued an order rescinding all orders by whomsoever made, which prohibit the sale or distribution of any newspaper or periodical within his department.

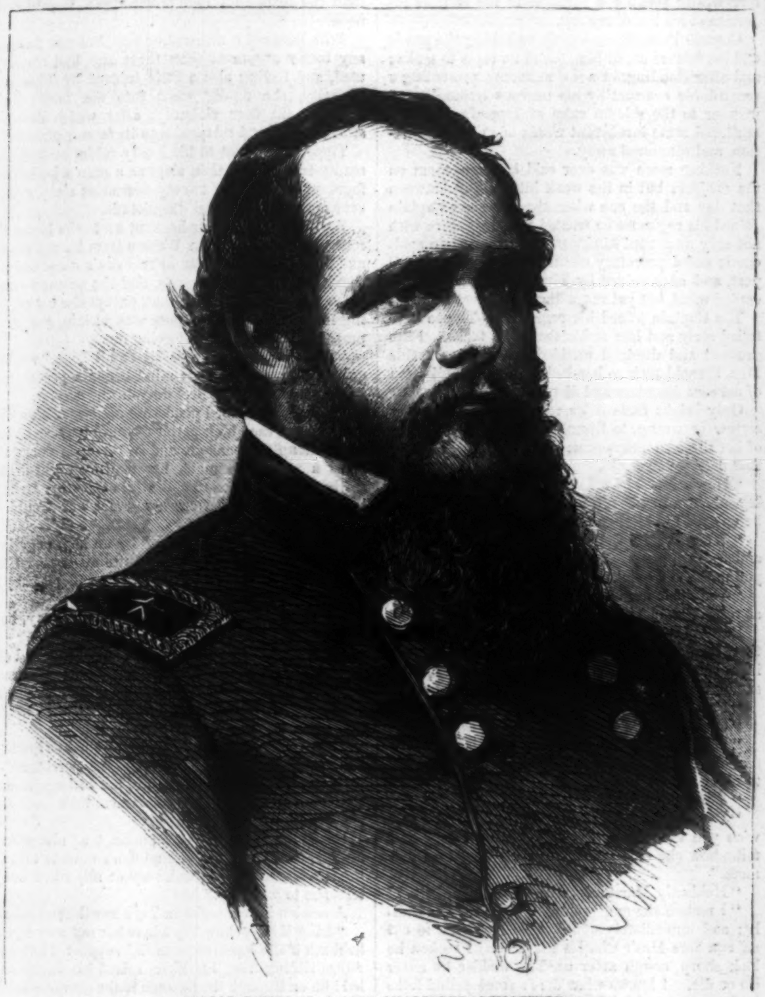
Major-General GORDON GRANGER is not sick in New York as reported. He is in command of the Fourth Army Corps, head-quarters at Loudon, Tennessee, and is in excellent health.

General Dow arrived in Portland, Maine, on the 22d inst., and was received by the city authorities and a detachment of troops from Camp Berry, by whom he was escorted through the principal streets to his residence. All the church bells pealed a welcome.

The Senate has confirmed the nomination of Henry H. SIBLEY, of Minnesota, as a Brigadier-General of Volunteers.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S REAR-GUARD.



MAJOR-GENERAL JAMES M'ALISTER SCHOFIELD.

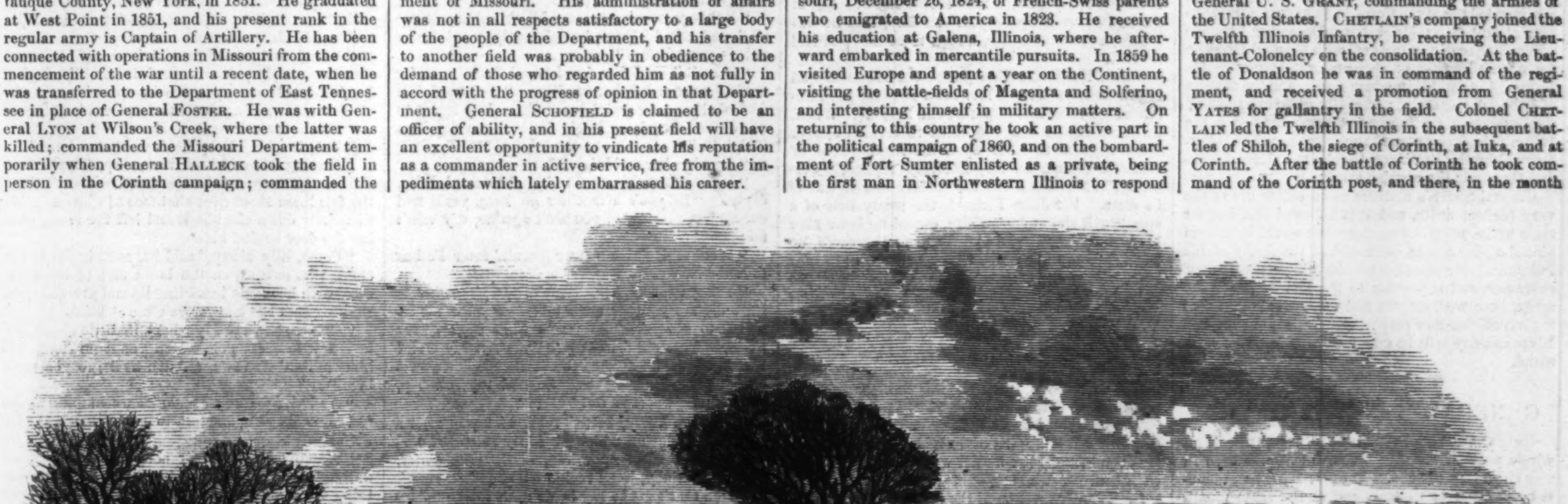
BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.

GENERAL JAMES M'ALLISTER SCHOFIELD.

General James M'Allister Schofield, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in Chautauque County, New York, in 1831. He graduated at West Point in 1851, and his present rank in the regular army is Captain of Artillery. He has been connected with operations in Missouri from the commencement of the war until a recent date, when he was transferred to the Department of East Tennessee in place of General Foster. He was with General Lyon at Wilson's Creek, where the latter was killed; commanded the Missouri Department temporarily when General Halleck took the field in person in the Corinth campaign; commanded the Army of the Frontier, and fought the battle against Hindman and other rebel leaders near Boston Mountains, in Arkansas, in the summer of 1862; and subsequently, upon the removal of General Curtis, was placed in full command of the Department of Missouri. His administration of affairs was not in all respects satisfactory to a large body of the people of the Department, and his transfer to another field was probably in obedience to the demand of those who regarded him as not fully in accord with the progress of opinion in that Department. General Schofield is claimed to be an officer of ability, and in his present field will have an excellent opportunity to vindicate his reputation as a commander in active service, free from the impediments which lately embarrassed his career.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL AUGUSTUS L. CHETLAIN.

Brigadier-General Chetlain, whose portrait we give on this page, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, December 26, 1824, of French-Swiss parents who emigrated to America in 1823. He received his education at Galena, Illinois, where he afterward embarked in mercantile pursuits. In 1859 he visited Europe and spent a year on the Continent, visiting the battle-fields of Magenta and Solferino, and interesting himself in military matters. On returning to this country he took an active part in the political campaign of 1860, and on the bombardment of Fort Sumter enlisted as a private, being the first man in Northwestern Illinois to respond to the nation's call. Five days after the bombardment he was joined by one hundred of his fellow-citizens of Galena, elected Captain, and marched his company directly to Springfield, being accompanied and assisted by Captain Grant, now Lieutenant-General U. S. Grant, commanding the armies of the United States. Chetlain's company joined the Twelfth Illinois Infantry, he receiving the Lieutenant-Colonelcy on the consolidation. At the battle of Donaldson he was in command of the regiment, and received a promotion from General Yates for gallantry in the field. Colonel Chetlain led the Twelfth Illinois in the subsequent battles of Shiloh, the siege of Corinth, at Iuka, and at Corinth. After the battle of Corinth he took command of the Corinth post, and there, in the month



SUPPLYING RATIONS TO THE DESTITUTE ABOUT CHATTANOOGA.—[See Next Page.]

of December, 1862, raised the first colored troops of the present war. His efforts were successful beyond hope; and after organizing and equipping two regiments of blacks, he was, at the solicitation of General GRANT, appointed by the President Brigadier-General of colored troops, and ordered by the Secretary of War to the command of all the colored troops of the State of Tennessee, with head-quarters at Memphis. General CHETLAIN's command now numbers over 12,000 men, and is rapidly increasing. He designs recruiting his command to 18,000 men, preparatory to taking an active part in the coming campaign.

ISSUING RATIONS AT CHATTANOOGA.

THE view on page 213 illustrates an interesting feature of the war in General GRANT's late department. Government rations are now issued daily to over five thousand inhabitants of the country about Chattanooga, hundreds of citizens who were formerly in comfortable circumstances being now wholly dependent upon the bounty of the Government. Our sketch shows the office of the Provost Marshal, where orders are given to the hungry applicants for such army rations as can be conveniently dispensed.

GENERAL WILLIAM F. SMITH.

GENERAL WILLIAM FARRAN SMITH (familiarly known throughout the army as "Baldy Smith"), whose portrait we give on page 209, was born in Vermont, February 27, 1824. He entered West Point Academy in 1841, graduating with distinguished honors in 1845, being fourth in a class containing FITZ JOHN PORTER, CHARLES P. STONE, and JOHN W. DAVIDSON. He was assigned to the Topographical Engineers as brevet Second-Lieutenant, and for nearly two years, from November 1846 to August 1848, acted as Assistant Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy. In 1853 he was promoted to the full grade of First-Lieutenant, and in 1859 became Captain. At various times he was employed on surveys of the Lake Superior region, of the Rio Grande, Texas, of the military road to California, and in the Mexican Boundary Commission. When the war broke out he was Secretary of the Light-house Board at Washington. Obtaining leave of absence, he took command of the Third Vermont Volunteers, and was appointed Brigadier-General in August, 1861. During the Chickahominy campaign he commanded a division in General FRANKLIN's corps, distinguishing himself greatly by his bravery and skill. For his services in that campaign he was promoted to Major-General of Volunteers in July, 1862, but was not confirmed by the Senate. He participated in the battle of Antietam in September of that year, and commanded the Sixth Corps in BURNSIDE's unfortunate assault on Fredericksburg, December 13. He was subsequently transferred with General HOOKER to GRANT's department, then under ROSECRANS. He planned the campaign which resulted in the capture of Lookout Mountain, personally directing some of the important preliminary movements. On the 16th ult. he was a second time nominated as Major-General by the President, to take the place of General GRANT in the regular army.

General SMITH's abilities as an officer are of the very highest order, and it is believed that but for some unfortunate circumstances he would have been placed a year ago in command of the Army of the Potomac. He possesses considerable magnetism of character, and is popular to the last degree in the army, both with officers and men. It is said that the expedition now preparing to operate in the Red River country will be under General SMITH's command.

GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HENRY E. DAVIES, Jun., whose portrait we give on page 209, was born in this city, July 2, 1836. In July, 1857, he graduated at Columbia College, and in the same month was admitted to the Bar. He was acquiring reputation as a lawyer and a successful business when the call of the President summoned the true friends of the Union to rally, to avenge the insult to our flag at Fort Sumter. On the 19th of April, 1861, he united with others in this city in the organization of the Duryea Zouaves, and on the 24th of April marched as Lieutenant of Company C with 800 men to Fort Schuyler. While there the regiment was fully organized, and he was promoted to the Captaincy of the Company. The regiment left for Fortress Monroe on the 24th of May, and was in the fight at Great Bethel, Captain Davies receiving the commendations of his superior officers for his coolness and bravery under fire. Immediately after the battle of Bull Run the regiment was ordered to Baltimore. On the 19th of July, 1861, the Secretary of War gave a written authorization to J. Mansfield Davies, then Major, to Judson Kilpatrick, then Captain, in the Zouaves, and to Captain Davies, to raise a regiment of Cavalry, to be called the Harris Light Cavalry. The President immediately commissioned the former as Colonel, Kilpatrick as Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Davies as Major of the new regiment.

The Harris Light Cavalry formed General M'Clellan's body-guard in the advance on Manassas, and led the attack on the enemy at Falmouth, under General M'Dowell. On the 5th of May, 1862, Major Davies, as Provost Marshal, took possession of Fredericksburg, and raised the Stars and Stripes over the town. The regiment was actively employed during the summer and in Pope's campaign, and added to its reputation for dash and bravery. On the resignation of Colonel Davies, in December, Kilpatrick was commissioned a Colonel, and Major Davies a Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. This regiment was selected to make the raid to Richmond in May, 1863, which it did under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Davies. In June, 1863, on Colonel Kilpatrick's promotion to a Brigadier-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Davies was appointed Colonel. In August he was assigned to the command of a Brigade, and led the gallant charge at Culpepper, capturing two of the enemy's guns. For this he was recommended by Generals Meade and Pleasanton as a Brigadier-General, and was commissioned as such by the President on the 16th of September last. He commanded the Cavalry, under Kilpatrick, in the late raid on Richmond. He is popular with his command, who follow with confidence wherever he leads.

THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG.

WE give on page 209 a view of the NATIONAL SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, which marks at once the terrors of that bloody field, and a nation's gratitude to those who there gave their lives to its defense. This Cemetery is pleasantly situated on the north and west sides of the gently-sloping Cemetery Hill, and comprises a part of the field over which the battle so fearfully raged. It contains in all an area of seventeen and one-fourth acres. It was purchased by the State of Pennsylvania, which presented each State the lot occupied by its dead. Arrangements are making to inclose the grounds with suitable and substantial iron fence and a stone wall. A general commemorative monument will be erected in the centre of the design, in which the fallen heroes are buried. An observatory, placed on the knoll in the back part of the Cemetery, will give a very extended and comprehensive view of the whole battle-field. The Evergreen Cemetery adjoining will be long remembered by our soldiers who fought so gallantly on the memorable first days of July. Its dilapidated fences, shattered head-stones, and broken grounds still tell of the fearful conflict. About 3100 bodies have been raised from the field and reinterred in the Cemetery. Each grave (known and unknown) will be marked by a stone, and the name, company, and regiment of the recognized will be substantially and neatly engraved thereon.

TIPPOO SAIB.

ALL heroes are not *héros de romans.* Not all *preux chevaliers* would be attractive as cavaliers, and one admires many things that one does not care to appropriate.

Tippoo Saib was neither handsome, nor accomplished, nor gently bred. He was a middle-aged negro of Congo descent, and formed after the ultra type of his race, with misshapen skull, immense lips, close-curled wool, and a skin as nearly black as human skin was ever tinted. He was heavy both of motion and intellect, and entirely ignorant of almost every thing a man should know. But at the end of my story deny, if you dare, that he was a hero, a *preux chevalier,* a man to be admired and revered.

When North Carolina joined the rebellion and began to raise troops, Mr. John Fernald got himself transformed into Captain John Fernald. When, furthermore, he was requested to furnish one or more negroes to labor upon the fortifications of Roanoke Island, he magnificently replied, "Certainly," and went home to consider how it was to be done. For John Fernald, the needy heir of a spendthrift sire and grandsire, owned no lands save his heavily-mortgaged plantation of Mossmoor, no stock save the fine horse who was destined to bear his master to the wars, a few cows and pigs, Tippoo Saib, his wife Marcy, their child Scipio Africanus (Mr. Fernald had a fine taste in nomenclature), and Aphrodite, commonly called Frite, a girl upon whom devolved the house-labor while Marcy wrought with her husband in the fields, except in some great domestic emergency, when she was summoned to the assistance of Frite.

The household was a meagre one, and its affairs administered in a spirit of fretful economy, inculcated upon Frite by her master with oaths, by her mistress with peevish complaints as to its necessity.

Such scanty revenue as the farm still yielded was to be credited to Tippoo, who, with Marcy and the occasional help of hired service, both directed and executed all its operations.

This trusty auxiliary was not then to be lightly parted with, and yet he was the only chattel in Captain Fernald's possession answering to the description of the contribution he was called upon to make; nor had he funds or available property of any kind for the purchase of a substitute. One course was left, and but one. Marcy and Scipio Africanus must be bartered for a laborer; and Frite, who was retained as being less valuable as a piece of merchandise, and more so as a household drudge, must be urged to redoubled exertions in her own province, as Tippoo in his, to make good her place.

The plan, once resolved on, was soon executed, and Marcy and her child were attached to a coffle of slaves traveling south.

And what did Tippoo feel or say at being thus in a day bereft of wife and child, and such poor ties to home and love as a slave may know?

What he felt the God who made him only knows. What he said was this:

"Mas'r, you loves lilly Missy?"

"Of course I do, Tip."

"An' what way would you fix it to 'pear de right ting, Mas'r, dat lilly Missy should be toted off where woudn't nebber see her no more?"

"Oh well, Tip—I know, of course. But then you see, boy, it is different. You know such things are a matter of course. My child—why it is altogether another thing."

"Don' see it, Mas'r," replied Tippoo, with a slow shake of his poor, bewildered head. "Scip be brack, I know, and lilly Missy she white as an egg; but den I's brack myself, an' don' tink de wuss of my chile fer bein' like his daddy. Don' see it nohow, Mas'r."

He stood leaning on his hoe and looking gloomily at the ground, not sullen or vindictive, only sorrowfully seeking a solution to the terrible injustice of his lot, dimly felt.

Captain Fernald, confusedly switching the weeds and the flowers about him, found no reply to make; and after standing for a few moments, presenting a remarkable contrast by his nervous irritability of manner to the solemn calm of Tippoo's mood, he muttered some incoherent words of vague consolation, and sauntered away.

Nothing more was ever said between them on the subject; but in the week intervening between that day and the one when the volunteer Captain joined his regiment he treated his silent slave with not only unwonted kindness, but in a certain apologetic and deprecatory manner, involuntary on his part, and unperceived by Tippoo's dim and preoccupied mind, but yet not without its effect on each.

The Captain joined his regiment. Tippoo Saib toiled early and late at his thankless tasks. Frite groaned and drudged unaided. And poor, feeble Mrs. Fernald took to her bed, with a complication of nervous disorders and distresses.

Only bright little Alice remained untouched by sorrow or wrong, to illuminate with the sunshine of her three summers some portion of the gloom of that dreary household.

"How's Mist's?" asked Tippoo Saib, one evening, about a month after his master's departure, as he entered the kitchen for his milking-pail.

"Wuss," responded Frite, sulkily; and after an embarrassed pause, added, "I'se comin' out to help you milk, Tip, quick's I put lilly Missy to bed."

"You don't need to, Frite. I'd as good be doin' as restin'," said Tippoo, heavily, as he went out.

But Aphrodite, who had her own purposes to further, soon followed him, and after a little preliminary complaint of the hardships she endured, said, suddenly:

"I's gwine off, Tip."

"Off! Whar's you gwine, Frite?"

"W'y to de Norf, or somewhere 'bout dere. You see, old Tip, Mist's she gettin' wuss berry fas', an' to-night she tol' me sen' you for de doctor."

"Whar's he?"

"Dere ain't none short o' Weston, an' Mist's said w'en you was dar you mout go tell her brudder's folks how she sick and not spectin' to get well no more."

"Hebbenly Marster! Am she dat bad, Frite?"

"I reckon she am," returned Aphrodite, stoically; and immediately added, "So I's gwine to cut an' run 'fore Mas'r Charles git here. I reckon he look sharp 'nough arter us, Tip, wedder he sister lib or die. I knows whar dere's some cullud folks in de swamp waitin' for to git Norf."

"Has you seen Pete?" asked Tip, referring to a brother of Frite's, who had disappeared from a neighboring plantation some weeks previously.

"Nebber you min' 'bout dat, ole man," retorted Frite, nodding her head shrewdly. "On'y if you'd like to git your freedom easy, you com' 'long o' me to-night to de Big Swamp."

"But be you gwine to leave Mist's an' lilly Missy all 'lone," asked Tippoo, incredulously, "an' she so sick as you tell for?"

"She ain't no sicker dan I be, o' slavin' here for noffin," returned Frite, angrily. "An' to-night's de las' chance fer jinin' dem folks. Dey spec's to move 'fore mornin'. I tole Pete I's be dar 'fore midnight."

"Be whar 'fore midnight?"

"Whar I's gwine to jine him," retorted Frite, dryly. "Ef you's a min' ter go 'long, yer'll find out all 'bout it; an' ef you ain't agwine, w'y 'tain't no matter."

"Wouldn' it do to-morrer mornin' arter I's ben to sen' de doctor to Mist's?"

"Tell ye no, nigger, 'twon't. Dey's gwine to start dis berry night arter moonrise, an' I ain't a gwine to gib ye no d'rections whar dey's gwine neider. Pete didn' want I should even say wot I has, but I worn't agwine to cut 'thout gibin you a chance fer to go 'long too. So now say, ole Tip, right smart, wot'll ye do?"

"Tank ye kin'ly, Frite," replied Tippoo, after a long pause, during which he softly smoothed and patted the head of Snowdrop, his favorite heifer. "Tank ye kin'ly, but I reckin I'll stop."

"Den all I's got to say is, de more fool you," responded Frite, venomously, as she lifted the full pail and turned toward the house.

"Stop a minute, honey. Don' yer tink dat I's ongrateful for de chance, nor yet dat I doesn' keer for freedom. But dere ain't no way to get to Weston an' back 'fore mornin', an' dat you sez is too late. Den dere ain't no house 'tween here an' dar, an' dere ain't never no one comes dis way, now Mas'r gone, and poor Mist's mout die an' lilly Missy too, 'fore any one 'd know on't."

"Mas'r wa'n't so tender o' your ole woman an' pickaninny," retorted the disappointed Frite.

The thrust was unexpected, and the great, loving, ignorant heart was unshielded by any philosophy, any hope, any faith that what seemed so wrong must yet be right. Tippoo abruptly hid his face in the white heifer's neck, and great heaving sobs began to shake his brawny frame, and the hot tears rolled down wondering Snowdrop's neck and mingled with the dust.

"I didn' mean to make you feel so bad, Tip," said Frite, at last, in an awe-struck voice; "on'y I didn' see w'y yer couldn' do same as Mas'r jes' done by you. Look arter yerself an' nebber min' what come to oder folks."

Tippoo stood up wiping his eyes on the sleeve of his coarse shirt, and looked at the girl with a patient smile as he replied,

"Pears like, Frite, I'd ruther do de way dat I'd ha' liked Mas'r to ha' done by me."

But do not think that Tippoo Saib, thus speaking, echoed mechanically, as so many of his white brethren do, that Golden Rule which is in all our mouths, and so few of our hearts. He had never heard of it—in fact, his religious education had progressed very little beyond that Mumbo Jumbo faith, in the odor of whose sanctity his ancestors had lived and died.

He did but speak out of the fullness of that child's heart of his, whose dumb anguish shook the uncouth frame that held it, but found no other expression than the tears that had rolled down Snowdrop's neck.

Frite lingered a moment or two, but not finding any better argument than those she had already used, and feeling also a little injured by Tip's superiority, she finally went into the house and slammed the door violently, after which demonstration her mind relapsed into its former placidity.

Tippoo Saib went to his lonely cabin, cooked his scanty supper, and then slept as a man who labors fourteen hours out of twenty-four must sleep whatever may be his mental disquietude.

Early in the morning he went up to the house to receive his directions for Weston from his mistress, and not without curiosity as to Frite's movements. The kitchen door stood open, and the autumn sunshine streamed merrily in, but, except the cat purring in the ashes, no creature was visible, nor any preparations for breakfast going on.

"She's cut and lef' pore Mist's all 'lone," soliloquized Tip; and his slow mind began a process of inquiry as to his own first duty in the case.

While he still stood pondering and scratching his woolly head the quick patter of small bare feet was heard along the passage, and in the open doorway stood a rosy little maid, her trailing night-dress deftly gathered in one hand, while the other "shed by the yellow hair" from her sweet but troubled face.

"Uncle Tip, go call Frite," began she, eagerly. "Baby wants her supper, and Frite all gone. Uncle Tip make Frite come dress baby, and get baby's supper."

"Poor lilly Missy!" was all Tip found to say, but his voice was tender as a woman's.

Lilly Missy came forward and put her morsel of a hand into his black paw, and when he knelt upon one knee and placed her upon the other she threw both arms round his neck and nestled close to his broad breast.

"Uncle Tip's good. Baby loves Uncle Tip; but baby wants her supper," remarked she, persistently.

"Lilly Missy go and get into her bed again, an' Tip 'll go an' git her some nice warm milk from the mooly cow, will she?"

"And give milk to poor mamma, too; nice warm milk, for mamma all cold, and don't want to talk to baby. Mamma don't wake up at all, when baby tells she to wake up."

A sudden horror woke in Tip's bewildered mind.

"Lilly Missy, show Tip where her mammy is, an' he'll ask if she wants some milk," suggested he; and Alice, sliding from his knee, seized his finger and led him on through the passage to the door of a large bedroom, where Mrs. Fernald had chosen to lie, after she was confined to her bed.

Standing at the door, with head reverently bared and breath suspended, Tip looked earnestly at the pale, pretty face turned toward him on the pillow. He needed not to approach. There is an unnamed sense, keener than sight, keener than touch, that unerringly warns living man of his neighborhood to death—a chill—a repugnance—a nervous desire to flee. Such it was that now crept through Tippoo's blood, and turned the rich brown of his honest skin to a muddy yellow. Such it was that, laying its chill hand even upon the innocent heart of the child, made her cling closer to the side of her strange comrade, murmuring:

"Baby's cold. Baby don't want stay here."

Releasing himself from her grasp, Tippoo Saib stole on tip-toe across the room, and reverently drew the fair linen sheet over that face as white as cold; then drew down the blinds and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Come, lilly Missy," said he, soothingly, to the child, who now sat on the lower step of the staircase, with her little trembling lip and grieved eyes, showing that the tears were close at hand.

"Come, show ole Tip whar's its little closes, an' he'll try to dress you. Den you'll go 'long wid him, milkin' de cows, an' den he'll gib you some breaksus."

"And give mamma some nice warm milk, so she feel all well again, and talk to baby?" asked the little maid.

"Mammy don' want for nothin', lilly Missy, an' de nex' she eats an' drinks will be better nor any thing we could gib her," said Tip, solemnly, with hazy visions of a very objective sort of Paradise flitting through his mind.

The child was satisfied with the vague assurance, and patted off to fetch her clothes. These, with much trouble and anxious effort to understand the probable intent of their construction, Tip finally adjusted, with some little aid from Alice herself, and then lifting her in one arm, and taking his pails upon the other, he went out to milk.

This process completed, they returned to the house, and Tip, discovering some bread in a cupboard, prepared bread and milk for a family of perhaps six hungry boys, and setting it before lilly Missy, who had forgotten all her troubles in a frolic with the cat, he bade her "eat it all up, like a blessed lamb," and she should have some more.

Then seating himself upon the door-step, with his elbows upon his knees, and his chin in the palms of his hands, Tippoo Saib unconsciously entered upon the crisis of his life.

Before him lay two courses. The one led to freedom—and remember that this word to a slave carries the same illimitable blessing that the word Heaven does to a freeman—the other to continued, nay, aggravated slavery, for Mr. Bennett, the brother of Mrs. Fernald, was well known as a hard master, and to him, should Captain Fernald never return from the war, Tip would become thrall.

Tip raised his head and looked steadfastly Northward, until in his dull eyes began to glow a fire, a manhood they never knew before. Then suddenly turning his head, he fixed them upon the little child, who, chattering gayly to the kitten as she fed her with the remnant of her breakfast, did not know that her own life hung in the balance, and that the untaught man whom the father had so bitterly wronged was its arbiter.

Tippoo knew the forest paths for miles about his home. He knew the course the party of fugitives would necessarily travel. He did not doubt

that by arduous exertion he could overtake them, or failing in that, make his own way to the North and to Freedom. But he knew, too, that for weeks no visitor might seek the lonely plantation house, that the child was entirely incapable of providing her own subsistence even for a day, or of making her own way to those who might care for her. Slow visions of the bright-haired child moaning for food, pining from weary day to day, until, lying exhausted in the lonely night, she should wail her little life away, or perhaps wandering to the forest perish miserably there; visions of the dead woman, who had been a kind mistress to him and his, lying unburied in that darkened room, until she who had been so beautiful became a thing of nameless horror; visions even of poor Snowdrop and her mates calling vainly to him for help, and suffering miserably for its want, passed in slow procession through his unaccustomed mind, and burying his face in his broad hands, Tippoo made his decision, chose his course, and with a deep groan closed his mental eyes upon those alluring dreams of liberty and manhood that had for one brief moment seemed within his grasp.

Rising heavily he went and took the child in his arms.

"Will lilly Missy kiss Uncle Tip jes' once?" asked he, humbly.

The white little arms closed about his neck in an instant, and the rose-bud mouth was pressed to his swarthy cheek in a merry shower of kisses.

"Baby love Uncle Tip ever so much. He very good," said she, as he replaced her on the floor, and with his large heart full of love and peace, the man who had freedom within his grasp elected slavery instead.

The only horse remaining on the place was lame, and it was on his own feet that Tippoo Saib traveled the twelve miles to Weston, carrying little Alice in his arms, besides a bundle containing some clothes for her and food should she need it on the road.

Reaching Mr. Bennett's house in the middle of the afternoon, he asked for the master, and telling his simple story, delivered up his charge, and waited to hear what should be his own fate.

"Dead! Your mistress dead? It is very sudden. Sit here, boy, till I carry the child to her aunt," said Mr. Bennett.

"Baby won't go. Baby like Uncle Tip, and stay with him," declared the little lady, quietly, but so resolutely that she could only be presented in the drawing-room in the arms of her uncouth nurse. Here, however, the affectionate caresses of her aunt, and the attractions of a kitten even prettier than the one she had left at home, soon overcame her shyness, and she at last consented that Tip should withdraw to the kitchen, where he vainly tried to eat the dainties set before him by the sable aunty there presiding.

The next day Mr. Bennett, accompanied by Tip, upon whose movements he kept a jealous eye, and two assistants and a clergyman, sought the lonely house; and after conferring upon his sister's remains the rites of Christian sepulture, he took possession of such valuables as remained in the house, and closing the doors and windows, abandoned it to the desolation that already had laid its hand upon the whole scene.

A letter, informing Captain Fernald of his bereavement, returned, after many weeks, unopened to Weston, with the brief notice indorsed upon the back that Captain Fernald was severely wounded in the head, was perfectly unconscious, and could not probably survive many days. Under these circumstances Mr. Bennett considered himself justified in taking possession of such part of his niece's inheritance as could be made available, and converting it either into cash or to his own use.

Tippoo was no favorite with his new master, nor did he find his life so comfortable as it had been under his former more independent circumstances. He did not complain in any manner, however, but the silent resolution to escape became more and more confirmed in his mind.

A suspicion of this determination in the mind of his master increased the disfavor he already entertained for his new chattel, and he resolved to forestall its execution by presenting him to Government, in compliance with a new requisition for laborers on the fortifications.

The transfer was accordingly made, and at the same time Mr. Bennett applied for and received a commission as captain of a volunteer company just raised in Weston, and already under marching orders.

Tip made no remark on being informed of his new destiny, but his dark face darkened with a gleam of satisfaction. Any change was to him a welcome one.

"Please, Mas'r, I'd like to say good-by to lilly Missy 'fore I go."

"Nonsense, boy, what should she care for you? She's something else to do, and I've no time to wait; follow me right along."

Tip patiently turned to do as he was ordered, but his mind went back to the morning when, sitting on the sunny door-step, he had given up his own cherished hope for the sake of that little child, and now he might not even hear her voice once more.

But of a sudden came the rush of little feet behind them, and a sweet voice crying, breathlessly, "I will, I will, I will see Uncle Tip again! Let me go, old Crissy. I will speak to dear old Tip!"

Master and slave turned to see the cause of this tiny clamor. It was Alice, who, escaping from her nurse, came flying down the street, her golden curls streaming in the air, one little foot unshod, and her face all aglow with rebellious love and determination.

Tippoo stooped, and catching her in his arms, raised her to his breast, where she clung and kissed him as she had done once before in the sunny kitchen of the old home.

"Tank you, lilly Missy," said Tip, solemnly, as he set her down. "'Peared like Uncle Tip couldn' ha' gone 'way widout dat. Hebbenly Mas'r bress you, lilly Missy; an' of you don' nebber see Tip no more, yer'll 'member onst in a wile how he toted ye from de ole home down here, an' how he'd ha' ben glad to lay down his life, ef so be 'twould ha' done lilly Missy any good."

"I love Uncle Tip—Uncle Tip is good. Why is he sorry?" asked the child, with a perplexed cloud upon her sunny face.

"Good-by, lilly Missy." And Tippoo, with no word more, hurried after his master, who had walked on impatiently.

Roanoke Island was in possession of the Federal forces, and its rebel defenders had made a retreat more rapid than dignified to the main land.

In the camp of the conquerors all was exultation, mirth, and proud anticipation of future successes. In that of the vanquished reigned gloom, wrath, and the desire of vengeance. Plans for a counter-surprise, for a sudden dash, that should sweep away the invading force in one swift destruction, were loudly canvassed among the knot of officers, who had not lost heart and hope in the defeat of that dark night; but as a preliminary to any action it was necessary to learn accurately the position and force of the enemy; for of these particulars as many varying estimates were held as there were tongues to announce them.

A reconnoissance was obviously necessary, and of several volunteers for this delicate and dangerous service Captain Bennett and Lieutenant Fosdick were selected; and so soon as night again fell to conceal their movements they prepared to set about it. A light canoe was provided with muffled oars, the two officers seated themselves in the stern, and Tippoo Saib was elected to the onerous duty of oarsman, with a stern injunction from his former master to beware of any species of treachery, as himself should be its first victim.

To this intimation Tip meekly responded, "Yis, Mas'r," and noiselessly plying his oars, soon placed his little craft close under the lee of the island.

The night was intensely dark, with occasional showers of rain, and this circumstance, while favoring the movement of the spies in some respects, rendered them more difficult in others, especially as the most absolute silence, both of voice and motion, was necessary to avoid the observation of the sentinels, who would, of course, be posted at every point they might approach.

Finally, however, the Lieutenant was set ashore at the point of a long tongue of land, whose connection with the island was near enough to the camp fires to enable him to make a fair survey of its position without leaving the sheltering woods. Captain Bennett meantime was, according to previous agreement, to be rowed some distance farther north with a view of reconnoitring the fort, and the position and apparent numbers of the Federal forces in that quarter.

Arrived at a suitable point for landing, Bennett, with a whispered word, ordered Tip to guide the canoe inshore, and it soon grounded noiselessly upon the sandy beach.

After waiting a few moments to make sure that his approach was undiscovered, the Captain rose cautiously to his feet, and was in the act of stepping over the bows of the boat, when, with a sudden motion, a noose of small rope slipping over his head, settled down to his middle and was then drawn tight, effectually pinioning his arms to his side, while coil after coil of the same was rapidly passed about his lower limbs, his body, and one turn laid with grim pleasantry about his neck.

So sudden was the operation, and so perfectly taken by surprise was the Captain, that he was already securely bound before he succeeded in ejaculating,

"You scoundrel! what devil's trick is this?"

"Sh', Mas'r," returned Tip, with an affectation of great caution—"don' 'ee speak so loud; mabbe dem dam Yankee somewhar about, an' oberhear us."

A tremendous oath expressed Captain Bennett's appreciation of his slave's pleasantry, but suddenly remembering that his only hope of escape lay in the patient and amicable temper of his captor, he succeeded in smothering his wrath, and saying, in a tone where forced friendliness and vehement passion struggled strangely for the mastery,

"Come, Tip, you don't want to hurt me, you know. You wouldn't give me up to these —— Yankees. Think of my wife and children. Remember Alice—"

"An' 'member you, Mas'r, how you t'ought it couldn' be she'd keer to bid ole Tip good-by, an' how you alluz grudged de pooty creter saying a word to de pore nigger dat lubbed her so. 'Tain't dat, dough, Mas'r, dat's fetched you here. I tinks you idees 'bout de Yankees all wrong, an' I's gwine to gib you de chance to git 'em straightened out. Spec's you'll come back a puffeck 'postle o' freedom, Mas'r. Now s'pose we go up an' look at dis yur fort togedder, Mas'r? Spec's de Yankees will show us de inside's well's de out, an' dat's more nor you bargained for, Mas'r."

So saying, Tip raised his captive in his arms and carried him ashore as easily as if he had been a child.

"Now, Mas'r," said he, placing him carefully on the beach, "you's got you ch'ice. Will you be toted up yander like an armful o' cornshucks, or will you walk?"

"How can I walk, you black scoundrel, with my legs tied?" sullenly demanded the captive.

"I's gwine to loose 'em some, ef yer'll say yer'll walk right 'long straight widout a fuss."

"Untie them, then, you—"

"Now, Mas'r, dat ain't mannerly no how. Spec's I'd better tote ye," said Tip, in a tone of grave rebuke; and he was again about to raise the helpless form of his late master in his arms, when he, keenly alive to the ridicule of appearing before his enemies in such a position, hastened to make the required promise in more civil terms. Tippoo, signifying his satisfaction at the concession, proceeded immediately to loosen the bonds of his captive sufficiently to allow him to walk with some degree of ease, but not to run or to use his arms at all. Then inserting his brawny hand in the loose turn of the rope about the Captain's neck, he called his attention to the fact that a slight movement would be sufficient to tighten it to a very unpleasant extent, and that such movement would be the result of any attempt of escape or resistance on his part.

This intimation the Captain received in sullen silence, but showed his appreciation of its intent by following, or rather preceding, his captor (who guided him by the rope about his neck much as he would have done a refractory steer) to the neighborhood of the earth-works dignified by the name of fort, where they encountered a sentinel, to whom Tip briefly told his story, and was ordered to proceed to head-quarters, where he was relieved of his charge, amidst the wonder and merriment of a goodly crowd of spectators.

Tip, on leaving the boat, had taken the precaution of shoving it off shore, to prevent the escape of Lieutenant Fosdick, and that officer was captured in the course of the next day, and soon after accompanied Captain Bennett and numerous other of his countrymen on a voyage Northward, and a prolonged residence in one of Uncle Samuel's Marine Villas.

Tippoo Saib also traveled North, although not as a prisoner. For the first time in a life of forty years, and with a bewildering joy that no man who has never been a slave may appreciate, he now found himself free to move in whatever direction or to whatever distance he might find most to his own advantage, and his first impulse was to breathe the air of a free State.

For something more than a year he supported himself in Massachusetts by such labor as he could find to do; but as soon as the enlistment of colored troops was permitted by Government, Tippoo hastened to enroll himself among the first of the sable volunteers; nor among the hundreds of thousands of brave men who have fought beneath the Federal banners in this great war, has one soldier, black or white, given himself to the contest more ardently, more purely, more entirely than this poor untaught African.

His uniform courage and good conduct slowly won him such advancement as is at present possible to a man of his color, and on the tenth day of July, 1863, he followed his captain to the assault of Fort Wagner with the stripes of a sergeant upon his arm.

We all know who led that assault. A nation mourns, a nation glories, over the hero who there won himself a name that shall not be forgotten while his country holds a memory, a tongue, a pen; who, yet in brilliant youth, closed a career all glorious promise by its most glorious fulfillment; who lies where he fell, "buried with his niggers," more proudly, more honored than a prince or conqueror beneath an abbey's marble dome.

But no nation mourns, no poet sings, no history, save this rude tale, will chronicle the closing scene of another life as brave, as devoted, as earnest, as beautiful to those who have eyes to read the hearts of men as that of his hero-leader.

Foremost in that wild charge, dauntless in the front of that dauntless band, rushed Tippoo Saib upon the enemy, and fighting as he fights who feels that freedom or slavery for him and his hangs upon the contest. He had with as many blows sent three of his opponents to their doom, when he caught the gleam of a sabre descending with desperate force upon the head of the Colonel, who stood beside him cheering on his men.

Quick as light Tippoo's bayonet was interposed and caught the blow, delivered with such force as to shiver the blade close to the hilt. Changing the direction of the bayonet, Tip was about to plunge it into the breast of the disarmed officer, when, glancing up, he recognized with astonishment Captain Fernald, his former master.

It was but an instant that he hesitated, but who shall limit thought by time? In that instant the man remembered the wife of his youth, torn from his arms, sold to a slavery so barbarous that she had soon died under its severity: he remembered his merry boy, his one child, whom he had loved with all his loving heart, and of whose life or death not one echo had reached him in all these years; he remembered his own enslaved youth and manhood, and the bitter passions of his strong nature rose within him, and tightened with savage vigor the hand that still held uplifted the gleaming bayonet.

But before the blow fell, before the benumbed arm of Captain Fernald could be upraised in defense of the life that in one anguished pang resigned itself as lost, another memory shot athwart the vengeance of Tippoo's mood.

It was the vision of a little maid, all aglow with loving energy, with golden curls flowing back as she ran, with white arms uplifted to his embrace, with rosy lips that asked no better than to press themselves upon his swarthy cheek.

The vison flashed and passed, but it had wrought its work. Dropping his arm with its deadly weapon, Tippoo hoarsely cried,

"Go 'long, Mas'r, I won't kill lilly Missy's fader."

With a wild shout he was bounding forward to seek another antagonist, when the white man with an oath drew the revolver from his belt, and with deliberate aim discharged its contents full into the generous heart that had so faithfully garnered and so well repaid the one love that had illumined his gloomy life.

The fierce battle-cry ended in a wild shriek upon the negro's lips, and he fell forward upon his face dead, just as, a few paces from him, the noble life he had shielded a moment since was smitten down by the blow that gave a hero to deathless glory.

Tippoo Saib was one of the honored band that the fierce victors upon that bloody field laid down to their eternal rest in the same grave with their young champion, thinking thus to do dishonor to his remains, but in reality surrounding him with a guard of honor that, when the last trumpet shall sound *reveillé*, shall arise with him; the corruptible body exchanged for the incorruptible, the faithful and noble spirit giving form and color to its new tabernacle.

And in this glorious hope rest peacefully and well, brave Tippoo Saib, satisfied that if thy life was lowly and thy death unsung, not less hath the Eternal Judge knowledge of thy temptations and thy triumph, thy loving heart and earnest soul!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"A FROG," says Professor Bump, "is an amphibious animal what lickers on cold water and consequently invented the teetotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melodies, he gives free concerts every night, he does himself. He perwides music for the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a mill-pond. He is a warmint what ain't so bad when boiled on a gridiron."

Bread is the staff of life, and liquor the stilts—the former sustaining a man, and the latter elevating him for a fall.

If some of our very conservative men had been present at the creation, they would have said, "Good Heavens! what is to become of chaos?"

Advice to smokers.—Cut Cavendish.

When is a baby not a baby?—When it's a-teething (*tea thing*).

A Yankee made a bet with a Dutchman that he could swallow him. The Dutchman lay down upon the table, and the Yankee, taking his big toe in his mouth, nipped it severely. "Oh, you are biting me!" roared the Dutchman. "Why, you old fool!" replied the Yankee, "did you think I was going to swallow you whole?"

THE LETTER H.—There is something profoundly lamentable in the conversation of a Cockney. An exchange paper gives the following as the direction of an English father to his son: "'Arry, 'op hup and go down to Mr. 'Arris's, and hask 'im hif 'e 'as a bit of hash or hoak to make a 'ammer 'andle." We can remember something about as good, and quite true. An English actor was playing Pierre to William Tell. Pierre has the following speech: "Horrible! most horrible! To save his own and Albert's life, Tell has consented to shoot an apple off his own son's head." The actor knocked about his h's thus: "'Orrible! most 'orrible! To save 'is hown and Halbert's life, Tell 'as consented to shoot han happle hoff 'is hown son's 'ead."

Carlyle, listening to a party conversing upon Goethe—who, while lauding his talents, condemned his heterodoxy—said: "Gentlemen, did you never hear of the man who vilified the sun because it would not light his cigar?"

"Has your son Timothy failed?" inquired Gubbins of Stubbins the other day. "Oh, not at all; he has only assigned over his property, and fallen back to take a better position," was the reply.

Either there is a great deal of man's nature in a monkey, or a great deal of monkey's nature in a man.

What military order is like a lady crossing the street on a wet day?—Dress up in front, and close up in the rear.

"This is what they call a 'fellow feeling' for a man," as the thief said when the policeman was groping after him in the dark.

The finest ship in the world—*Friend*-ship.

People choose their opposites. Just so—the Goose and the Sage are generally associated.

He who has plenty of brass can generally get it off for gold.

"I am astonished, my dear young lady, at your sentiments; you make me start." "Well, Sir, I've been wanting you to start for the last hour."

Mr. Snooks was advised to get his life insured. "Won't do it," said he; "it would be my luck to live forever if I should."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

An Irishman, illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, stated that out of one hundred persons sentenced to endure this punishment *for life*, only fifteen survived it!

A briefless young barrister says that any lady who possesses one thousand acres of land presents sufficient ground for an attachment.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be the quartz.

Generally, as soon as a man is supposed to have a little money, his wife gets too lame to walk, and must have a carriage.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?" "Yes, to the bone." "What is his character?" "Didn't know as he had any." "Does he live near you?" "So near that he has only spent five shillings for fire-wood in eight years."

PROVERBS FROM THE OLDEN TIME.

Think of ease, but work on.
Manners often makes fortunes.
Forgive any sooner than thyself.
The table robs more than the thief.
Better go about than to fall into the ditch.
Youth and white paper take any impression.
Who looks not before, finds himself behind.
A man of gladness seldom falls into madness.
Children and chicken must be always picking.
Husbands are in heaven whose wives chide not.
Better to go to bed supperless than to rise in debt.
The mill can not grind with the water that is past.
They must hunger in frost that will not work in heat.
He that hath love in his heart hath spurs in his sides.
He who serves well need not be afraid to ask his wages.
Marry your sons when you will, your daughters when you can.
When the tree is fallen, every man goeth to it with his hatchet.
He may well be contented who needs neither borrow nor flatter.
The best physicians are Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman.
All women are good; *i. e.*, good for something, or good for nothing.
He who hath but one hog makes him fat; and he who hath but one son makes him a fool.

Why is a table like a lion?—Because, if you have any fun in you, you can "set it in a roar."

Men are born with two eyes and one tongue, in order that they may see twice as much as they say.

The coldest seat in an omnibus—the one nearest the Pole.

Some tourists, being exceedingly thirsty, stopped for milk at a house by the roadside; they emptied every cup that was offered them, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought out an enormous bowl of milk, and, setting it down on the table, said, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."

While recently engaged in splitting wood Jones struck a false blow, causing the stick to fly up. It struck him on the jaw, and knocked out a front tooth. "Ay," said Bill, meeting him soon after, "you've had a dental operation performed, I see." "Yes," replied the sufferer, "axe-idental."

THE FIRST [illegible]APR

"THERE COMES THE ALABAMA."

MR. FOGEY.

"GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN."

...TED HOUR.

IN SCHOOL

ESCAPED FROM LIBEY.

THE thermometer was somewhere in the region of zero.

Not that it was so very cold in the keen glitter of the February sunshine, but there was such a tempestuous, turbulent, shrieking wind—a wind that had been playing with the great green billows of light that tumble along the shore at Staten Island, and bringing briny whiffs from the salt marshes of New Jersey, and howling through the solemn old forests that hang over the Palisades! Was this a wind to be intimidated by the brown-stone palaces and plate-glass façades of Murray Hill? Not it; and in token thereof it howled noisily at the curtained casements, and tossed whirls of choking dust into the tesselated marble of stately vestibules without number, to the manifest discomposure of people who didn't understand its boisterous jokes.

It was a very warm, bright breakfast-room, with walls hung with crimson-velvet paper veined with wavy lines of gold, which made you think of tropic sunsets bathed in carmine glow—dark-red curtains, and a superb silver breakfast-service set out in front of a blazing Liverpool-coal fire. And Mrs. Vose was pouring fragrant amber-coffee into a colony of painted Sèvres cups in a most becoming breakfast-cap of lace and ribbon, and a sixty-dollar cashmere wrapper.

"What horrid weather!" she sighed, elevating her shoulders as the windows rattled ominously. "We never have such dreadful winds in the sweet South!"

Mr. Vose made no answer; he was reading the paper with a very expressive wrinkle between his Jove-like brows, and little Kitty Colvin was conveying surreptitious bits of broiled partridge into the jaws of an expectant black-and-tan terrier who sat beside her chair.

A dark-eyed, tiny thing with the shadows of Louisianian oleander-groves on her cheeks, and Louisianian sunshine swimming in the yellow brightness of her hair, the little heiress seemed out of place under the bleak skies of the frozen North. And yet Kitty had secretly made up her mind never, *never* to leave that same frozen North, sharp winds and icicles to the contrary notwithstanding!

"If I could only go back again; this climate is killing me!" plained Mrs. Vose, drawing a white shawl around her. "Gerald, how long shall we be wretched exiles in this ungenial North? Is there any thing favorable in the papers this morning; you never tell me a word of politics!"

"Hold your tongue, Sallie!" growled her morose better-half. "Women are born to drive men mad, I believe. Give me another cup of coffee, and don't talk about things you don't understand!"

"Then there's another Union victory or something," sighed Mrs. Vose, accepting her husband's "snub" as a matter of course. "And that ungrateful Kitty is actually looking pleased! Well, the treachery there is in this world, to be sure!"

"Indeed, aunt," said Kitty, demurely, "I should fancy the treachery lay in seeking refuge and shelter in a country whose downfall you are secretly wishing for—in living at the North, while you are a bitter secessionist at heart!"

Mr. Vose laid down his paper and looked his niece in the face. Kitty's oleander-shadows grew deeper, and her eyes fell. She was not aware that her uncle had been an auditor to that fierce little Union speech, but she was determined to stand to her gun nevertheless.

"Indeed!" was his dry comment. "Very fine, to be sure; the second-hand sentiments, I suppose, of Lieutenant Roy. A pity that Libey Prison should afford so poor a field for his talents!"

Kitty colored to the very eyelashes, her haughty red lip quivered, but she did not answer.

"Now look here, my young lady," he resumed, his tone of bitter sarcasm changing to an almost savage ring—"I will have no more of this absurd folly. Mr. Lamar is coming here this evening for a definite answer; he shall have it, or I'll know the reason why!"

"The answer is ready," said Kitty, defiantly. "I'm engaged to Lieutenant Roy!"

"This from *you*—a Southern girl, born and brought up under the shadow of the palmetto! Well, it is as I expected, you are thoroughly infected with the venom of that Yankee hireling. But his fortune-hunting shall avail him nothing. Lamar's creed and country are identical with ours, and he shall be your husband!"

"*Shall* be, Uncle Gerald?"

"Shall be, Miss Colvin. The odds are ten to one that your precious Yankee never comes back alive; and if he does, he may select himself another wife. Now you have heard my decision on the subject; see that you obey!"

Kitty Colvin never lifted her eyes from the floor; she knew how worse than useless it was to attempt any opposition to her uncle's iron will. But there was a stronger determination in that fragile frame than Gerald Vose had any idea of.

"Now, Kitty, do be sensible," drawled her aunt, when Mr. Vose had taken himself and his lowering brows out of the room. "Fernande Lamar is very handsome, I'm sure, and it's quite true what your uncle says. Lieutenant Roy will most likely die down in Libey, or be shot, or something—"

Kitty put up her hand pleadingly, as the thoughtless words jarred on her sick brain.

"It will make no difference to me, aunt," she said, calmly. "Dead or alive I am his, and his only!"

"Gerald and Fernande Lamar will settle that," thought Mrs. Vose, arranging her pink cap strings. "It would be dreadful for Arnold Colvin's daughter to marry a Yankee, whose father might have been a carpenter for any thing one knows to the contrary!"

Kitty Colvin went quietly up to her own room and stood before the fire a moment, her lovely liquid eyes gazing far out into the unseen future, and her hand mechanically smoothing the golden braids that hung from an onyx comb. Then she changed her crimson silk wrapper for a sober gray dress, and put on a bonnet edged with gray fur, and hidden by a thick blue veil. And then she took a little basket in her hand and went out.

Went out a homeless fugitive with nothing but the bright rings on her fingers, and a bold, brave heart in her bosom—went out to seek her fortune in the wide, cold world, rather than accept the lot which her uncle had portioned out to her.

"Sit down, Miss," said the red-armed Biddy, pushing a chair nearer to the stove. "Mrs. Clarke will be down d'rectly."

Kitty waited, in the plainly furnished parlor of the second-rate house, with her heart beating as though a frightened bird were fluttering at her throat. She had been very pale all day, but when the step of a stranger sounded on the stairs the color rushed in hot, scarlet waves over her face.

"Mrs. Clarke?" she faltered.

"Yes, my dear," said the fat, cozy little matron. "What can I do for you?"

"You advertised for a seamstress in to-day's paper, ma'am; I should be very glad to obtain the situation. I can sew very nicely, and—"

"How much do you expect by the day?"

"Nothing, ma'am," said Kitty, suddenly plucking up courage. "I only want a home; for that, and that alone, my services will be given."

Mrs. Clarke eyed the young girl very sharply and suspiciously, while a cold shadow of distrust crept over her plump features.

"Your references, of course, will be unexceptionable?"

"I have no references," said Kitty, almost inaudibly.

"Then, of course, it will be impossible for me to entertain your propositions," said Mrs. Clarke, turning away. But Kitty caught her dress, with a low, appealing cry,

"Don't send me away, Mrs. Clarke! I have tried every where for employment, and tried in vain; if you refuse me I shall despair! Believe me, I could refer you to well-known names, only—"

"Well, but why don't you?" questioned Mrs. Clarke, half relenting.

"I can not; it is impossible!" wailed Kitty. "Let me work for you, Mrs. Clarke; give me the shelter of your home, and you will never have cause to repent it. You have daughters of your own, perhaps; think of them, and don't turn me away!"

Mrs. Clarke bit her lip, meditatively. Reason and Caution said "Beware!" but Memory brought back the vision of her own daughter, sleeping quietly under the February snows—a daughter, whom, if she had lived, would have been about the age of this fair-haired girl. And her heart softened with a singular, yearning thrill, as she looked searchingly into Kitty's pleading eyes.

"Child, you are a strange little thing," she said, laying her hand not unkindly on Kitty's shoulder. "But you've got a good face, and a true one, and I'll trust you. So come up stairs and take off your things, and I'll find you something to do."

And Kitty, with a deep, shuddering sigh of inward relief, followed the portly lady up stairs. Providence had given the lonely wanderer a home at last.

"What do you think, Mrs. Clarke?" said Miss Diana Steere, who had come in from the corner grocery, partly to bring half a pound of cheese and two sperm candles, and partly to indulge in a little fireside gossip. "I've seen my cousin; she 't's housekeeper for them rich Southerners on Fifth Avenue, and their niece, the heiress, has run away."

"Run away? you don't tell me so!" ejaculated Mrs. Clarke. "Here's the hooks and eyes for that lining, Miss Robinson. What was that for?"

Kitty took the hooks and eyes in a hand that shook like a little autumn leaf; but Mrs. Clarke fortunately was not heeding her just then.

"Some says one thing, some says another," answered Miss Diana, with an oracular nod. "The gineral opinion seems to be that she wa'n't no great shakes; I guess she run away with some poor stick of a feller. No great loss, I calc'late; but Amandy says—that's my cousin—her folks have advertised in the papers and set the police on the look-out, and moved heaven and airth to find her. *I* wouldn't take that trouble, I know. Let her beau take care of her, now he's got her."

"It's a strange world," said Mrs. Clarke, philosophically. "Now, Miss Robinson, my dear, are the bias seams ready?"

Kitty's lip quivered convulsively as she sewed on. Was this a fair sample of the world's opinion in general? Would kind Mrs. Grundy render no more favorable judgment? She was just beginning to realize the terrible peril she had passed through, the risk she had unconsciously run.

The household of Clarke were gathered about their breakfast-table one bitter morning about a week subsequently—a table where the coffee was not Mocha, neither was the blue-edged ware of Sèvres manufacture—and its worthy head was complacently taking broiled pork and the newspaper by alternate installments, while his wife supplied a tribe of tow-headed little ones with the necessaries of life.

"Read the paper out loud, Thomas," said Mrs. Clarke. "D'ye s'pose we women folks don't care for the news? Miss Robinson, will you give Johnny another piece of bread?"

"There's so much news I don't know which end to begin at first," said Mr. Clarke, "and all of it good."

"Well, read the best first," said his wife, laughing.

"Well, then, there's a list of the officers' names that escaped from Libey Prison t'other day and got clean away, and if you'll keep the children still I'll read all about it."

It was the first Kitty Colvin had heard of that daring escape with which the whole country was ringing, and she sat white and silent, with compressed lips and wild, brilliant eyes, while good Mr. Clarke stumbled over the names one after another.

"*Arthur Paul Roy, First Lieutenant, —th —— Volunteers.*"

"Thomas! Thomas!" ejaculated his frightened wife, dropping the baby out of her lap as she started to her feet, "what's the matter with Miss Robinson? Merciful powers, she's dead!"

Not dead—joy seldom kills. Only the great rapture had checked the pulsing mechanism of her over-glad heart a minute. And as she smiled up in Mrs. Clarke's face, the good woman scarcely knew the wan, sad-looking girl she had taken in a while ago—it was the smile of a happy angel!

And well might it have been so, for to Kitty Colvin, at that moment, the dark little dining-room of the master-builder's humble tenement was full of celestial brightness—a reflection from her own heart.

Mr. Vose was looking over his month's bills, and the contemplation thereof did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction. It wasn't agreeable to pay bills at any time, but to swell the riches of "Northern hordes" with money that was *not* in Confederate scrip was by no means according to his taste. So when there was a gentle tap at the door, he cried, "Come in!" very sharply.

Accordingly Kitty Colvin came in, the Louisianian sunshine more golden than ever in her hair, the saucy light more defiant in her liquid eyes.

"So it's you, is it, miss?" said Mr. Vose, leaning grimly back in his chair, and evincing no surprise whatever.

"Yes, uncle, it is I."

"Well, what are your conclusions about being married *now?*"

"I have altered them materially, Uncle Gerald."

"Very wise, my—my dear," said Mr. Vose, relaxing into a stony sort of smile. "Shall I send for him at once?"

"It is unnecessary, uncle—he is here now."

"He? Who?"

"Why, my husband, Uncle Gerald!"

"And who the—I mean who may your husband be?"

Kitty opened the door calmly.

"Come in, Arthur. Uncle, allow me to introduce Lieutenant Roy, just from Libey Prison. We were married this morning."

"And I gave the little bride away," interposed honest Thomas Clarke, rubbing his hands, and half afraid to speak in the awe-inspiring presence of the "rich Southerner."

Married! Well, Mr. Vose might look as green and yellow as he pleased, he could not untie the knot.

"Confound the fellow!" he muttered, inwardly, while he shook hands galvanically with the new-comer. "Who would have dreamed of his escaping from Libey? If he'd been dead and buried I believe he'd have come to life again just to spite me. My niece married to a Yankee! Well, I don't care what happens now."

And Mr. Lamar, instead of pocketing the heiress's greenbacks, pocketed a little disappointment.

QUITE ALONE.

BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER IX.

INTRODUCTORY TO A WILD ANIMAL.

RATAPLAN was entirely deficient in the Rhododendron characteristic. It was a very late house. Nobody dreamt of going to bed till one or two o'clock in the morning, save Mademoiselle Adèle, who retired at eleven, comme il convenait à une jeune personne. The French are accustomed to treat their daughters like children till they are twenty years of age, and their sons like grown up persons when they are ten. The paternal Rataplan came up from the regions of the kitchen toward eleven, and played cards or smoked a cigar with one of his guests for a couple of hours. People used to treat him to innumerable small glasses to hear him brag of his exploits during his campaigns with the Grand Army, and his colloquy with the Emperor at Montereau; although there were those of a malevolent turn of mind who insinuated that he had never been at the Beresina or at Montereau at all; but that happening to keep a wine-shop at the corner of a street in Paris during the three glorious days of July, 1830, a barricade had been erected close to his door, and at a critical moment he had rushed out, and, crying "Vive la Charte!" had stricken down a corporal of grenadiers with a soup-ladle, whereupon he had become a décoré de Juillet.

It was half past twelve on a summer night—I need not further particularize it, for I have not yet passed the limits of the four-and-twenty hours in the course of which all the events hitherto narrated have occurred—when Monsieur Jean Baptiste Constant, in his master's Spanish cloak, entered the marble hall of the Hotel Rataplan, and passed into the salle à manger, as one well accustomed to the locality.

Rataplan was alone, smoking and sipping his "gzogs," as he was accustomed to call a very little brandy with a great deal of sugar and luke-warm water, and endeavoring to spell through one of the seven days' old *Siècles*. The gallant warrior-cook's education was defective. His woman-kind kept his books and wrote his letters for him.

"How goes it, mon vieux? Touchez-là!" said the valet, and he extended his palm, and Rataplan smote his own palm thereupon and went on reading.

"Will you smoke?" asked Rataplan, after a moment.

"Business to attend to"—the two men spoke French, "else I would first have presented my homages to the ladies. Is the countess at home?"

"Half an hour ago. Is having her supper now."

"And her little temper?"

"Ouf! n'en parlez pas. C'est une bête fauve. The whole menagerie of the Jardin des Plantes does not contain such a wild animal. L'ours Martin, when the bonne refused to throw him the second of her babies—vu qu'il s'était permis la mauvaise plaisanterie de manger le premier, was never in such a temper. Temper! It is a mania! a delirium, an ecstasy of spasmodic and anarchical passions. That woman is all the furies rolled into one, plus Frédégonde, Clytemnestra, and Madame Croquemitaine."

Rataplan had been a great frequenter of the boulevard du cumi in his youth, and piqued himself on his familiarity with dramatic literature. He was given, besides quoting Béranger, to spouting long harangues from tragedies, both in prose and verse, which he called "débiter la tirade." Sometimes il leur en flanquait du vieux, as he phrased it, and recited long passages from Corneille or Racine.

"What is the matter with the countess?"

"Matter! what else but diabolical, sulphureous, Mount Etna of a temper can be the matter with her? They are not words, but red-hot lava streams that flow from her lips. You are Herculaneum and Pompeii before her, and she engulfs you. But, pardieu, she is not the Muette de Portici! She has a tongue as long as a discours académique. There is no stopping, no satisfying, no pacifying her. She is implacable in her rages. She comes in here, passé minuit; and, without the slightest salutation, says, 'Papa Rataplan, is my supper ready?' I make her a reverence. I say, taking off my bonnet de cuisine—an act of homage I would not render to Louis Philippe, roi des Français et des pékins, 'Madame told me on going out that she would take no supper.' 'What?' responds she. 'Papa Rataplan, you are a ganache!' Rien que ça, merci. On the instant let me have oysters of Colchesterre, a trout fried, tout ce que vous avez en fait de côtelettes, a sweet omelette, a Charlotte aux pommes, a salade de mâches, some Champagne, Burgundy, Bordeaux, and so forth. And all this on the instant. 'Madame,' I humbly represent, 'there are no oysters fit for the palate of any one but a fort de la halle. There is no salade de mâches. Covent Garden goes to bed at huit heures très precises. Quant aux côtelettes vous y êtes. Par rapport à l'omelette je suis à vos pieds. The Charlotte is an impossibility, vu que les pommes me manquent, à moins que vous ne désiriez que ça soit accomodé avec des pommes de terre. As for the wines, seeing that you bring them with you yourself, paying me a shilling a cork, and saying that mine are not fit to drink, ça me va. You see I can not serve you as you desire; but if you would like a mayonnaise de homard or some pickelle sammone de chez ce bon Monsieur Quin in the Aimarkette, in ten minutes vous serez à votre aise.'"

"And what does she reply?"

"She tells me to go to the five hundred devils. She outrages the Mère Thomas. She tells Antoine that he is a butor, a cancre, a Fesse-Mathieu. That woman's language smells of the stable in which she passes her time. 'Oui, Rataplan,' she says to me, 'je vous considère comme le dernier des derniers.' And then, forsooth, she must insult my sleeping cherub, and say that poor little Adèle's piano-forte practice lui agace les nerfs, and that if I do not put a stop to it she must find another hotel. It is likely, eh? when I pay Signor Tripanelli half a guinea a lesson for her instruction, and know that with two years' more practice elle sera la première pianiste du monde, and cause Thalberg and Chopin to hang themselves in envious despair."

"Why don't you give her her congé?"

Rataplan shrugged his shoulders. "Elle est farcie de truffes. Elle est cousne d'or pour nous. One does not like to lose so excellent a pratique. Bon an mal an, she is worth ten guineas a week to us whenever she comes to stay at the Hotel Rataplan. I should not like that chenapan, Grossous, at the Hotel Belgiosso, to get hold of her. That pied plat, Tripefourbe, of the Hotel du Belvédère dans le Soho, has already endeavored to seduce her away from us. And even the wild animal has her moments of amiability. Elle est assez bonne enfant de temps en temps. She gave only last week to Adèle a brooch qui ressemble à de la chicorée au gras—malachites I think you call it. I saw a snuff-box made of it, which the Cossack Alexander gave to the Emperor at Tilsit—dans le temps que les rois et les empereurs léchaient les bottes d'Achille. Only yesterday she threw her a cashmere, un vrai cachemire des Indes, in which she had burnt a hole with a red-hot poker, in a rage because milord did not come. Adèle will soon darn up the hole. C'est un cachemire éblouissant. Life seems to that woman an eternal vale of Cashmere—en fait de châles."

"Ah! And so milord did not come, and miladi was in a rage. Perhaps she expected him to supper to-night, and his failure was the secret of her mauvaise tête."

"Tiens, je n'y pensais pas. To be sure she sent the commissionnaire this morning to the Albany, where milord lives, and he was out, and lo and behold, when she made her appearance this night, there was a note waiting for her—a little pink note, qui sentait diablement bon, un vrai poulet aux roses, and having read it, she ordered the supper I told you of."

"Then milord may be coming."

"Du tout, un petit jockey, avec la culotte de peau et les bottes à revers—with breeches of leather and top boots—was here not five minutes before your arrival. By word of mouth he delivered the message that his master was very sorry, but could not come. No poulet this time. Antoine went up and told her. She flew into one of her sulphureous ecstasies, and nearly strangled him."

"It is now half past twelve. Is she gone to bed?"

"To bed! She won't seek her couch till three. She will scold that unhappy Barbette, her femme de chambre, till past two. Then she

will walk about the room, and smoke like a sapper, and swear like a cuirassier, for another hour. To bed! It is lucky for her bed that she goes to it so late. She must quarrel with the bolster, and kick the counterpane all night.

"I think you had better announce me."

"I warn you that she is exceedingly ferocious to-night, and that grave results may follow even my intrusion to announce you."

"Have no fear. She may bite, but I don't fear her barking. I have been a gardien in the Jardin des Plantes, and am not afraid of wild animals. Allons, mon bon. Fais comme je te le dis."

Rataplan rose with any thing but a good grace, and murmuring something about the inexpediency of bearding tigresses in their den. He shuffled up stairs. Constant heard him timorously tap at a door. Then there was a tempest of words audible—confined, however, to a single voice; and after a while the host descended to the salle à manger again, with something positively approaching a faint violet flush on his pale face.

"I told you so," he said. "She is a panther of the Island of Java. A beautiful jaguar. Quelle sève! Comme elle rugit! Comme elle bondit! C'est une folle de Bicêtre dans son cabanon. However, if you are fond of bêtes fauves, there she is. Go, my friend, and be devoured. La Louve t'attend." And he sat down, drew the candle closer to him, mixed himself a fresh tumbler of "grog;" reillumined the but-end of his cigar—a Frenchman never desists until the weed begins to burn the tip of his nose, and then he sticks the stump on the point of a penknife—and so resumed his perusal of the *Siècle* seven days old.

Monsieur Constant went quietly up stairs, and softly laid his hand upon the handle of the door of the front drawing-room. I must keep Monsieur Constant with his hand upon the handle for the space of two chapters, while I cross the water on an excursion very necessary to this narrative.

CHAPTER X.

AN IDYL.

In the department of the Bouches du Rhône, and in the neighborhood of Avignon, there are few prettier villages than Marouille-le-Gency, in the sous-préfecture of Nougat.

There are not ten houses of more than one story, and not above a hundred cottages; but they are all pretty. They are built mostly of stone, or of sunburnt bricks whitened over, and roofed in with those convex tiles, laid on loose and secured only by pegs, such as you see in Italian villages. White as are their fronts they were half-hidden by clustering vines. A vineyard itself is not ordinarily inviting to the sight. In its picturesque aspect it exists only in the imagination of scene-painters, in the engravings of defunct landscape annuals, and in the fancy performances, in oil and water colors, sent every year to exhibitions. For real beauty I will match a Kentish hop garden, or a Twickenham orchard, against the most luxuriant vineyard in the sunny south. We say little about the south being chronically stormy as well as sunny. It is only on the banks of the Rhine, where the grapes grow in terraces, one above the other, to the very tops of the hills, that a wine-bearing district assumes a romantic look. It is the same with olive-trees. Olives in their saline solution, popularly, but erroneously, supposed to be sea-water, are very nice to eat with your claret, and very nice to talk or sing about in ballad poetry; but a plantation of olive-trees is, next to a field of mangel-wurzel, about the ugliest object in Nature you can come across. Hemp beats it. Flax beats it. Clover demolishes it utterly, in an artistic sense. The vines, however, that cluster beneath the cottage roof, and the olives that grow in the front garden, are certainly charming, and Marouille-le-Gency had an abundance of both.

The little river Bâve, one of the tributaries of the Rhône, ran right across the village street, and the villagers were great people for clean linen. They were even given to washing themselves as well as their clothes, a strange thing in the south. The village was girt about with real orange groves. There was an abundance of myrtles. The entrance to the hamlet was planted with gigantic plants of the cactus tribe. The rarest and most beautiful flowers grew nearly all the year round in the open air. Turtle-doves cooed from the tiles. Thickets of the maritime stone pine covered the hills behind Marouille, over which frowned the gray medieval Château of Ocques, once a baronial residence, then a fortress, then a barrack, now a penitentiary.

The "correctionnaires," or inmates of this house of penance, did not trouble the inhabitants much. They were kept with commendable stringency behind the strong stone-walls of the Castle of Ocques, where they worked for their sins at sailcloth weaving, rope-making, and mat-plaiting. Once in six months or so one of their number escaped; but Marouille-le-Gency had a breed of strong savage dogs, and a substantial reward being offered for the capture of fugitives, the refugee was soon hunted down. The house of correction was principally useful to the villagers as a bugbear, or bête noire, to scare their refractory children withal, who, when they did not behave themselves, were threatened with being sent là-haut, up there, to the big old castle.

The inhabitants were mostly small proprietors, each cultivating his own particular patch of vineyard or olive garden, and contriving to make both ends meet in a scrambling kind of manner at the end of the year. The necessaries of life were cheap. Bread was coarse but plentiful. Meat was seldom eaten, but as seldom asked for. Beyond a few river trout and some salt fish in Lent there was no consumption of piscine delicacies. Oranges and grapes cost nothing at all. The vin du pays cost only four sous the litre, and for luxuries the denizens of Marouille-le-Gency had a most profound disregard.

They did not occupy themselves much with contemporary politics. Theoretically they were legitimists, and kept as a fête the anniversary of the grand day A.D. 1815, when Monseigneur Louis Antoine, Fils de France and Duke of Angoulême had passed through Marouille-le-Gency on his way to unfurl the white flag at Bordeaux. By the same token their usual mild natures had undergone an eclipse of ferocity, and they mobbed and nearly murdered Napoleon on his way to Elba after his first abdication at Fontainebleau. The ex-imperial carriage halted to change horses at the village post-house; the moody occupant was recognized, hooted, insulted, stoned; knives were brandished at the windows; inflamed faces with fiery eyes glared in upon him; and but for the presence of mind of the mayor, who was known to be a Bourbonist, and who, baring his breast, stood at the coach door pointing to his breast and crying, "C'est un tyran, mais vous me tuerez le premier!" they would have dragged the fallen hero from his vehicle and flung him under the wheels. It is said that Napoleon shed tears of rage and shame at this unmannerly reception, and that as soon as he was clear of Marouille he changed clothes with one of his postillions, and in jack-boots, a red waistcoat, and a hat flaunting with ribbons, clacked his whip, and bestrode the leader, in order to avoid similar insults at the next stage. It must be admitted that, although inveterate against him in adversity, the Marouillais had never fawned upon him in his prosperity. They had invariably detested his rule. The mothers and sweet-hearts of Marouille cursed him consistently and continually. The flower of their youth had been taken away from their vineyards to shed their blood in his incessant battles. What had Jean-Pierre or Louis-Alcide to do with his quarrels with the Austrian Kaiser or the Russian Czar; and why should their scanty brains have been blown out because he was ambitions and wanted more kingdoms for playthings of? When he was finally consigned to his dolorous captivity, the villagers sang the vindictive old complainte:

> Napoléonne
> Tyrannisait la Fran-ce
> Napoléonne! Napoleonne!
> Jeun-nes gar-çonnes,
> Rentrez dans vos famigles
> Nez craignez pioù
> La con-ce-cripç-ionne.

And "Napoléon! Napoléon!" Nevertheless, for years after 1821, they obstinately refused to believe in his death, holding that he was still secured by the English with a strong chain riveted to the wall of a dungeon in the island of St. Helena; and as a "bogy" for naughty children he divided popularity with the Château d'Ocques. Da capo. For the rest they were very pious, and the most docile of parishioners to their curé, believing implicitly in relics, the genuineness of modern miracles, and the direct intervention of the saints in curing the diseases of cattle, and in assisting the cultivation of the vine. Spells, incantations, second-sight, and the evil-eye, were in high repute among the Marouillais. They were grossly ignorant, and very happy.

In the year 1825, Charles the Tenth being King of France and Navarre, there came to live at Marouille-le-Gency, as landlord of its solitary auberge and post-house, a long low tenement, by the sign of The Lilies of France, a young Swiss called Jean Baptiste Constant.

He had been, according to his own account, in domestic service, and had saved some money. There was no mystery about him. His appearance harmonized with the signalement on his passport, and his papers were perfectly en règle. He had bought the good-will of the "Lys de France" out of a notary's étude at Avignon, where it had been deposited for sale by the executors of Madame Veuve Barrichon, who had been its hostess ever since the days of the Great Revolution. Carrier had once set up a guillotine in her back yard, and decapitated half a score of "arestos" there. The villagers declared that ever since that hideous day the water of the well in the back yard had worn a purple tinge. The incoming tenant of the auberge had paid a handsome price for it—twenty-five thousand francs, so the gossips of the village said, half down and half at mortgage on the security of the premises, besides a substantial pot de vin. A man who could command such an amount of capital was looked upon as a personage, and the villagers determined to be very civil to him. The mayor called on him the day after his arrival at Marouille. M. le Curé set him down as one of the future corporation of the fatrigue. Fortunately for his peace of mind at Marouille, he was, although a Swiss, a Catholic, hailing from some canton on the Italian frontier. This was fortunate, because the Marouillais dislike heretics, classing them with gipsies, poachers, and escaped correctionnaires. He was, likewise, a bachelor, and, although somewhat swarthy and down-looking, athletic, vivacious, and, on the whole, a very personable fellow. He brought neither kith nor kin with him to his new abiding-place, and the mothers of the village who had marriageable daughters looked upon him favorably from a matrimonial point of view. Elles le regardaient avec des yeux de convoitise. The girls thought him well enough, with his great bushy head of black hair and large white teeth, only they said his eyebrows were so thick as to give him a fierce and scowling expression, and complained that he never looked one in the face. Such was Jean Baptiste Constant. Suisse de naissance éligible, and, apparently, not more than twenty-eight years of age.

He was a good man of business, and looked keenly after the main chance, but was no niggard. He was willing to be treated, but could treat, too, in his turn, upon occasion. He soon drove a very prosperous trade at the "Lilies of France," and, being postmaster, made a good deal out of the rich English travelers on their way to Nice. He engaged as housekeeper a strong old woman called La Beugleuse. She was not handsome, and far from amiable, and had a desperate potency of harsh lungs, whence her name; but she was very strong and had a mania for hard work. She kept the stable-boys and postillions sober, and up to their duties, and looked after the lodgers while Constant served in the bar or waited on the customers in the billiard-room. Moreover, she brought a pair of hands with her in addition to her own. These supplementary hands belonged to her niece Valérie, who, in 1825, was a slut of a girl not more than fifteen years of age. She was an overgrown, loutish kind of a lass, and yet, for all her long limbs, seemed dwarfed and stunted about the head and shoulders. Her skin was coarse; her hands tanned with hard labor, her voice harsh and strident, her manners uncouth and boorish. She had magnificent brown hair, which hung about her head and neck in a tangled mass, and big blue eyes at which few people cared to look admiringly, seeing that they were enshrined in a sunburnt, dirty face. She was an incorrigible slattern, and her temper was abominable. Children are rarely beaten in France; it is looked upon as a cruel and dastardly thing even to box a girl's ears; but no one blamed La Beugleuse when she thrashed her refractory niece with a knotted rope or a leathern trace, or tied her up to one of the mangers in the stable. It seemed natural that Vaurien-Valérie should be treated like a stubborn horse or mule. The oldsters shook their heads, and said, "C'est dur; c'est pénible; mais que voulez vous faire avec une fille comme cela?" She was held up as a warning and example to the insubordinate juveniles of the village. "If you don't mind what's said to you, and give way to your temper, you will come to be flogged and tied up in a stable like Valérie à la Beugleuse." Nobody cared to inquire what her patronymic was, so they gave her a share of her aunt's nickname.

Perhaps the education she had received was not very conducive to the development of feminine character, or the cultivation of delicate manners. Her mother had died in bearing her. Her father had run away from his employment as a postillion after drawing a bad number in the conscription, and had then sold himself as a substitute in the army. It was in 1815, when the Emperor was desperately in need of men, and pressing questions were not asked. The substitute was three times promoted, through sheer desperate valor in the field of battle, to the rank of sergeant; and was as many times reduced to the ranks for flagrant misconduct. He didn't drink, he didn't gamble; he was honest, but incurably insubordinate. His colonel used to say, "I shall be obliged to recommend a galopin là for the epaulet, or to bring him before a court-martial and have him shot." Il est moitié Bayard et moitié pendard et tout à fait guerre. If the cross of the Legion had been given to him one day, he would have, within twenty-four hours, done something to warrant his degradation from the order. Fortunately for the glory of France, and the interests of society, Valérie's father got himself killed at the battle of Waterloo, where he was found by a party of Prussian foragers under a heap of slain, riddled with lance wounds, and his arms firmly locked round those of an English dragoon, whom he had dragged off his horse and killed by tearing his throat in sunder with his teeth. If the deeds of heroism which have been performed by incorrigible blackguards could be all published, the governments might be tempted to organize battalions of garrotters and galley-slaves. For heading a forlorn hope Marley, who was hanged, would have been invaluable.

La Beugleuse took care, after a fashion, of the little orphan Valérie, who in her cradle bawled more than fifty ordinary babies. The adoption was not a very moving one. La Beugleuse was miserably poor. As long as the child remembered, her aunt had earned her daily bread by working in the fields as a day-laborer. When Valérie was old enough—that is to say, when she was seven—she too went aux champs to scare the birds away. La Beugleuse sent her to the village school, but she would learn nothing there. They put her on the fool's cap, or bonnet d'âne; they made her kneel across sharp rulers, but in vain. She came back, her hands and arms black and blue from the stripes of the martinet; and frequently she played truant, and remained away, among the thickets on the hill, for days together. The curé preached against her in church, for she declined to be catechised, and was the only black sheep among the snowy little flock whom he prepared for their first communion. When she was ten she might have earned ten sous a day by picking up stones in the vineyards, but she destroyed more vines than she picked up stones. The curé advised La Beugleuse to send her to Avignon to a convent, where the good sisters received such undisciplined colts as she, and broke them in with mingled kindness and severity; but Valérie coolly announced her determination of setting fire to the convent and murdering one of the sisters the first night she passed under a monastic roof. And all who knew believed her to be perfectly capable of deeds quite as desperate. She was now between thirteen and fourteen, and about this time Jean Baptiste Constant came to Marouilles and entered into possession of the "Lilies of France." La Beugleuse took service with him, and Valérie accompanied her. The vaurien soon grew familiar with the stable, and on most friendly terms with the horses and mules; would ride them barebacked to water, would litter and rub them down, feed them, and, indeed, was in a short time quite as useful about the establishment as an hostler. Partly from compassion, and partly from an idea that the girl could be overcome by other means than violence, Jean Baptiste persuaded the housekeeper, in her management of Valérie, to abandon her formerly unvaried specific of flogging. For a time the girl went on worse, and was intolerably riotous and rebellious; but after a while she came to show, toward Jean Baptiste at least, a strange surly docility which seemed to be in some degree due to affection, and to some extent to fear. She came at his call, and almost at his whistle, like a dog. She obeyed all his orders without a murmur. A stern word or a stern look from Jean Baptiste was sufficient to render her meek and submissive whenever she showed a disposition to defy her aunt. The mayor, M. le Curé, all the villagers, marveled at the phenomenon. Valérie was wholly changed.

But a stranger phenomenon was soon to take place. When the girl came to be sixteen she grew with astounding rapidity exceedingly beautiful. Like Peau d'âne in the fairy tale, she seemed, all at once, to have changed from a grubby little ragamuffin, a sordid beggar's brat, into a lovely and elegant princess. A princess in rags she might have remained, certainly; but that the landlord of the "Lys de France" brought her back after one of his visits to Avignon enough cotton print of Rouen manufacture for two work-a-day frocks, and a piece of mingled silk and wool for a Sunday dress. Valérie, who had hitherto been mocked at and despised as the lowest of the low, was now envied. She went through her long-deferred first communion with unexceptionable decorum. She combed out her tangled brown hair, and arranged it in sumptuous plaits beneath a natty little lace cap. She washed her face, and her big blue eyes shone out from the cleared surface like stars. A film seemed to have been removed from her voice, even as a cataract is removed by a skillful operator from a diseased eye. The voice was harsh and strident no longer, but full of deep rich tones and low whispers that thrilled to the very marrow of the listener. When she was in a passion now she was sublime, not repulsive. The angular movements of her limbs were replaced by an indescribable suppleness and grace. She began to dance without ever having learnt. She began to sing without ever having been taught. She was evidently one of those raw creatures who "pick up" accomplishments, or are gifted with them naturally. Her capacity had flowered late, but the product was marvelous in exuberant beauty. So are there some persons of one or the other sex, who can rattle forth voluntaries on the piano and drive tandem without the slightest apparent training for such feats. So you will find a journeyman carpenter who is a born mathematician; a consumptive tailor more logical in his pot-house orations than Whately in his study; more eloquent than Derby; more conspicuous than Mill. So an orange wench, who needs no greater transformation than a dozen silk dresses and credit at the bonnet builders, to courtesy and flirt and fascinate like a duchess.

Her curious obedience to the behests of Jean Baptiste Constant endured during a transitory period. When her beauty was definitively manifest the shackles, as well as the dirt and the coarseness and the clumsiness, fell from her limbs. The slave became a tyrant. She turned sharply round on the strong old woman who used to flog and tie her up to the manger, and in a moment, morally, trampled her aunt under her heel. La Beugleuse was dazed and bewildered by this radiant serpent, so suddenly emergent from a scaly, slimy skin. She gave in at once, and became Valérie's very humble and obedient servant. Her master, Jean Baptiste, held out a little longer, and once or twice essayed to scold the girl; but she soon determined the relations that were in future to exist between them. "Il n'y qu'une personne qui déra 'je veux' ici; et ce sera Moi." Thus she said, stamping her foot, and the inn-keeper bit his lips, and, looking at her curiously from under his drooping eyelids, said "I will" no more, so far at least as she was concerned, at the "Lilies of France."

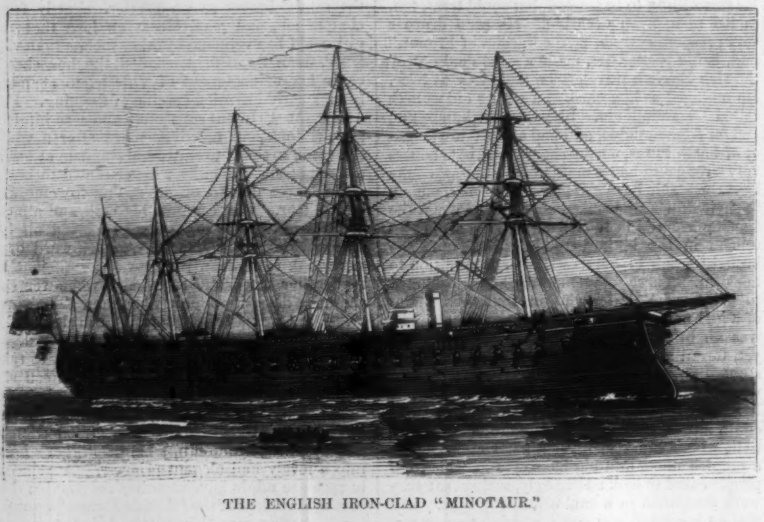
WAITING FOR THE SPRING.

As breezes stir the morning,
A silence reigns in air;
Steel blue the heavens above me,
Moveless the trees and bare:
Yet unto me the stillness
This burden seems to bring—
"Patience! the earth is waiting,
Waiting for the Spring."

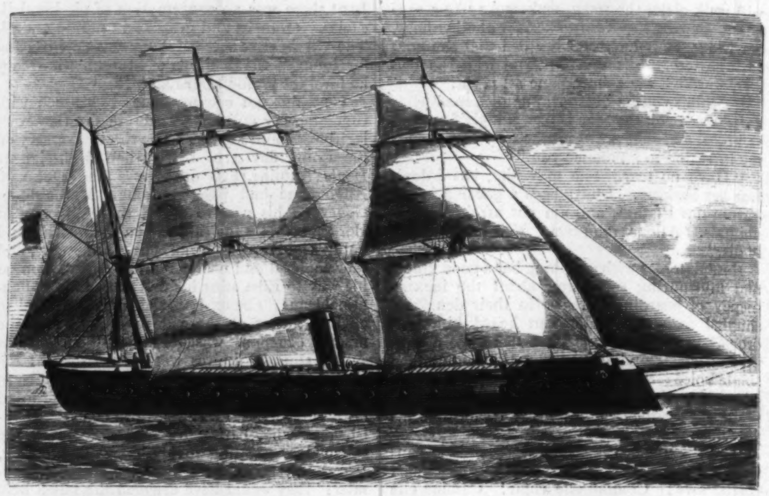
Strong ash, and sturdy chestnut,
Rough oak, and poplar high,
Stretch out their sapless branches
Against the wintry sky.
Even the guilty aspen
Hath ceas'd her quivering,
As though she too were waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

I strain mine ears to listen,
If haply where I stand
But one stray note of music
May sound in all the land.
"Why art thou mute, O blackbird?
O thrush, why dost not sing?"
Ah! surely they are waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.

O heart! thy days are darksome;
O heart! thy nights are drear;
But soon shall streams of sunshine
Proclaim the turning year.
Soon shall the trees be leafy,
Soon every bird shall sing;
Like them, be silent, waiting,
Waiting for the Spring.



THE ENGLISH IRON-CLAD "MINOTAUR."



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD "LA COURONNE."

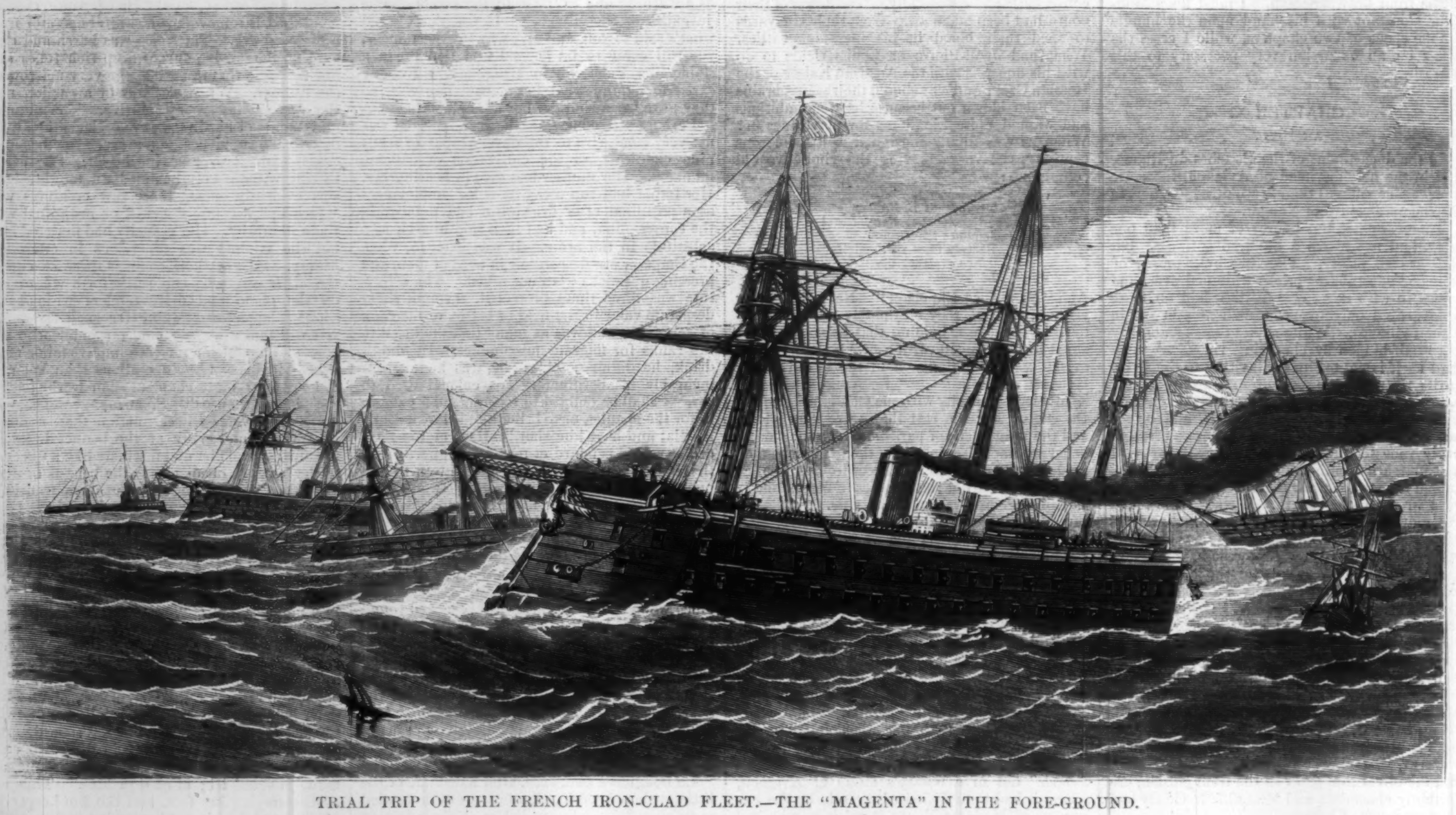
EUROPEAN IRON-CLADS.

THE illustrations here given are types of the style of iron-clad steamers which have been finally adopted by the French and English Governments. They are based upon the general idea of plating men-of-war of the old models with iron of sufficient thickness to resist the shot from guns which they think can be advantageously worked on ship-board. From 4 to 5½ inches of solid plates is the thickness fixed upon. The ponderous old three and four deckers are, with the exception of the French *Solferino* and *Magenta*—which have two decks, and are only plated in the middle—cut down to one. Otherwise the armament is disposed of, as in the old men-of-war, in broadside. Thus the English *Minotaur*, of 10,000 tons, has 50 guns; the French *La Couronne*, 6000 tons, has 40 guns. The *Invincible* is of nearly the same tonnage and armament. The floating-battery *Le Saigon* is designed solely for harbor defense.

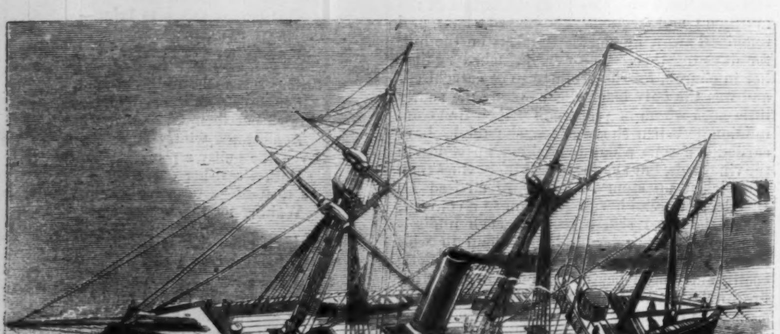
The first French and English iron-clads are now conceded to be failures. Of these a competent English writer says: "The mere multiplication of men and guns in great ships is, as Raleigh urged almost three centuries ago, not only a waste of means but a diminution of efficiency, as huge floating castles were slow in manœuvring, and limited in their movements by the depth of water which they drew. Whenever we have the misfortune to be engaged in a maritime war such will be found to be the case of our great show ships *Warrior*, *Black Prince*, and the like." The trial-trips of these vessels were wholly unsatisfactory. They were even less seaworthy than our own "Monitors," which were never designed for sea-going vessels.

If, however, we can judge from the reports of the trial-trip made last October of the new French iron-clads, of which the *Magenta* and *Invincible* are types, their performances at sea were wholly satisfactory, and the French have practically solved the problem of building armored vessels of fair speed which may safely be dispatched upon distant service. They are, however, simply ships of war plated with four or five inches of iron, with a great amount of exposed surface, capable of fighting only broadside on, and thus in their numerous port-holes presenting many especially vulnerable points. If mere target experiments prove any thing, we may be assured that four or five inches of iron are no match for the heaviest modern artillery. But European constructors appear to go on the assumption that these heavy guns can not be used on shipboard, and hence the armament of these vessels is formidable rather from the number of pieces than from the power of any one singly.

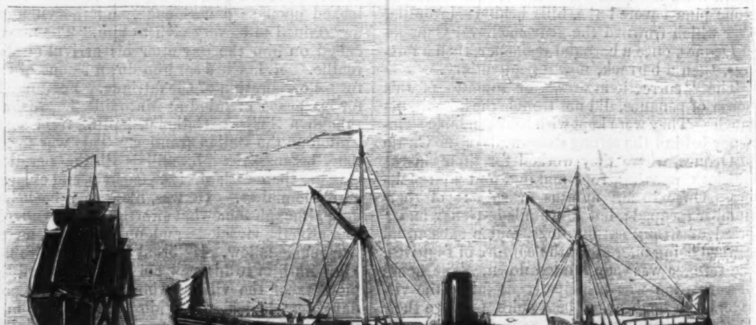
Our own iron-clads, with the exception of the *Ironsides* and the *Roanoke*, are constructed on a wholly different theory. We believe that the ship which can deliver the hardest blows will, other things considered, be most effective. We therefore construct our ships so as to leave the least possible surface exposed to the fire of the enemy, and to offer the fewest possible vulnerable points, concentrating their main offensive power into two or four guns mounted in revolving turrets. The exposed surface, being smaller, can be more heavily armored, with no increase of aggregate weight. Instead of the four or six inches of plating on the European vessels, our turrets have from nine to thirteen—a thickness which, as far as is shown by any experiments hitherto made, is not penetrable by any artillery yet constructed. While, as we think, our iron-clads are thus safe from any fire which could be brought to bear upon them from a hostile vessel, they are furnished with a pair of guns, one or two shots from which, fairly delivered, would destroy any French or English iron-clad. We think that no European vessel could deliver as heavy a fire as that which our "Monitors" have undergone before Fort Sumter with no essential damage, while



TRIAL TRIP OF THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET.—THE "MAGENTA" IN THE FORE-GROUND.



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD "L'INVINCIBLE."



THE FRENCH FLOATING BATTERY "LE SAIGON."

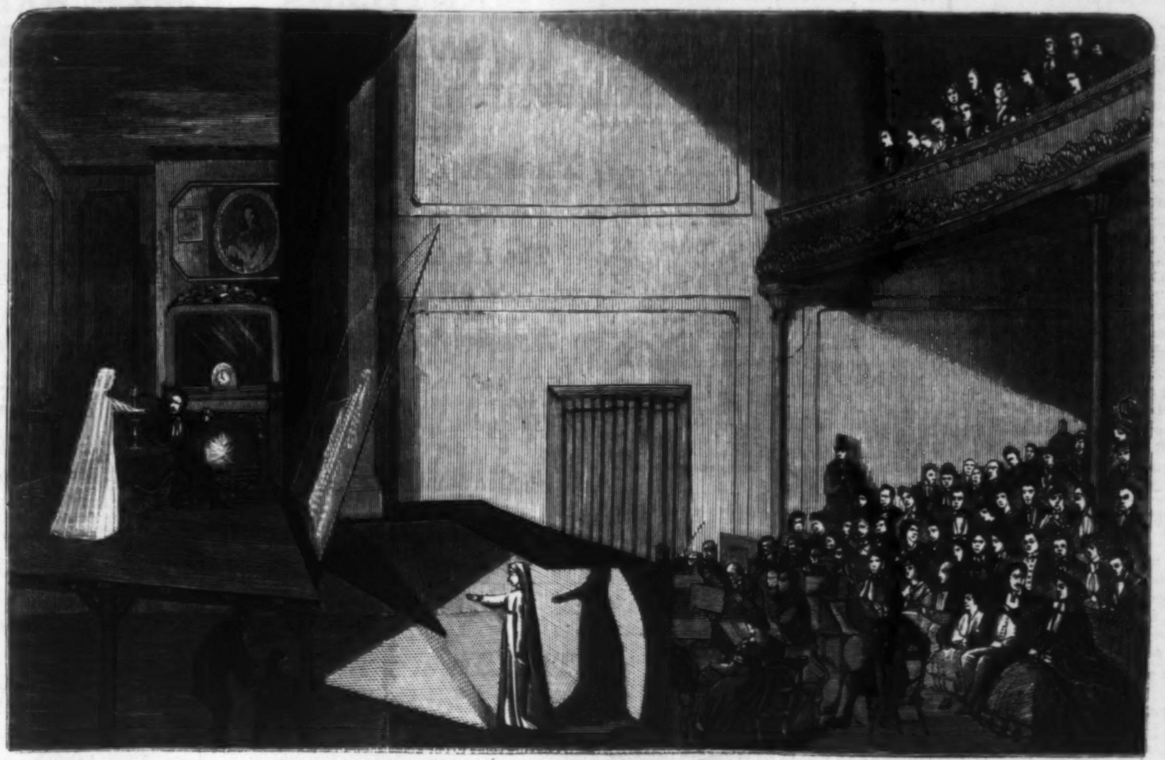
we think that the fire which they delivered upon that mass of masonry would have sunk any European vessel which had received it.

In some of the vessels now constructing, of which the *Dunderberg* may be taken as a type, there is a partial compromise between the two systems. She will have half a dozen of casemate guns, besides those in her turrets: but still the American idea of diminished surface and fire concentrated in a few large pieces predominates.

The great defects in our "Monitors" lie in their unseaworthiness, their want of speed, and in the uncertainty of the aim of their guns fired from turrets in motion. None of these defects seem to us irremediable. A turret with its two or four guns must be of less weight than an armament of forty guns, with its necessary ammunition. There can therefore be no insuperable obstacle in the way of placing a turret upon a sea-worthy hull, and providing this with engines capable of giving full speed. The uncertainty of aim may be fully obviated by the automatic mode of sighting and discharge, as proposed by the inventor of the Revolving Turrets, which was fully explained in our Number of April 18, 1863.

The European theory of iron-clads seems to have been practically carried to its ultimate point of perfection. Vessels have been constructed clad with 4 or 6 inches of iron, carrying 50 guns, fairly manageable, and apparently sea-worthy. That the British authorities are satisfied is shown by the construction of the *Minotaur*, the largest war vessel afloat, and one of three of the same class now building. The French *Numancia*, just launched, is of quite equal rate.

The American theory yet awaits full practical development. Still we believe that we have in construction iron-clads which would be an over-match for any of those of France or England. The only point upon which we are doubtful is the essential one of speed. If the *Dunderberg*, for example, attains the speed anticipated for her, we are confident that, with her two turret, two pivot, and six broadside guns, she will be able to cope with any European antagonist. Three things are now required of an iron-clad: *Speed*, to find or elude an antagonist; *Force* to assail; and *Strength* to resist. We believe that the worst of our vessels combine more of these than the best of their European rivals.



GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.

GHOSTS ON THE STAGE.

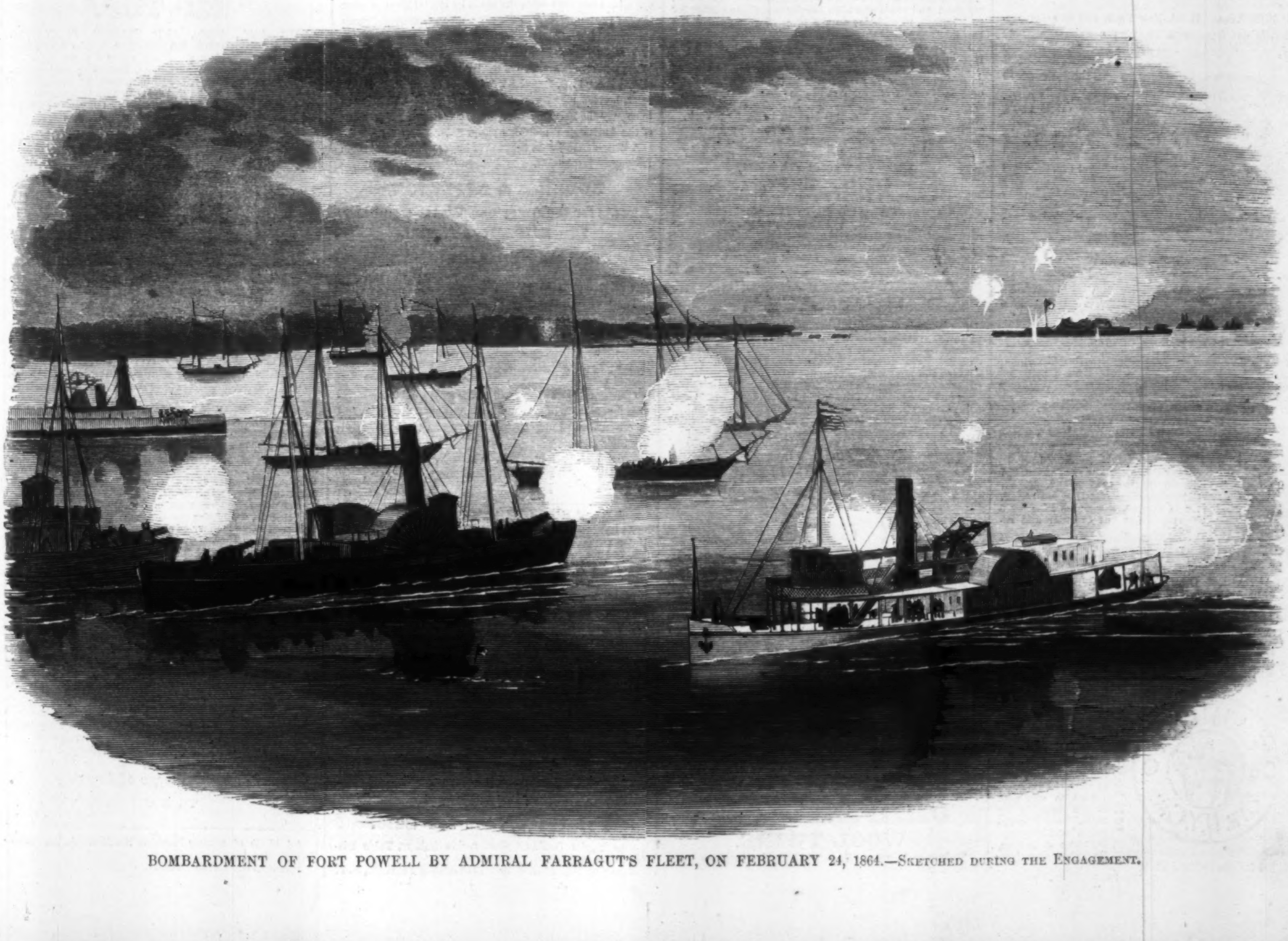
THE "Ghosts" which have within a few weeks figured so largely in all the European and American theatres are produced in accordance with well-known optical laws, and by a very simple apparatus, although considerable dexterity and practice are required to make the whole work satisfactorily. Let any one in a dimly-lighted chamber stand in front of a large vertical pane of glass, like that which is often placed in the sliding-doors between the front and back parlors, and he will see his own image as though reflected in a mirror, only it will appear to be behind the glass. The reason is, that more light is reflected from the glass than passes through it. Now behind the glass let other persons be placed, just as far behind it as the person whose image is to appear is in front, and the reflected figure will appear to be right among the real persons. Our illustration shows precisely how this law is made use of in producing "ghosts" on the stage. A plate of glass is placed at a proper inclination just back of the first "trap," the cover of which is lowered. The stage being dimly lighted the transparent glass is wholly invisible to the spectator. In front of this, under the stage, and concealed from the sight of the spectators, is the actor whose ghost is to appear. A strong illumination is thrown upon her, usually by means of an electric light, and in obedience to the optical law which we have mentioned, her image appears upon the stage apparently among the real actors. To the eye of the spectator she is as real as any one of them. If the electric light is shut off, the image of course disappears at once; if it is gradually lowered, the figure grows dimmer and appears to vanish slowly; if the light is increased, the figure becomes more distinct, and appears to the spectator to advance toward him. This augmentation and diminution of light is best effected by a proper arrangement of movable screens to be interposed or removed as the action of the play requires the figure to advance, recede, or disappear altogether. The whole principle of the exhibition is simple enough; but to make it "work" satisfactorily demands a vast deal of care and attention, and can be attained only by frequent and laborious rehearsals. This arises mainly from the fact that the spectral figure is not seen by the real actors on the stage, and yet they must "play to" it. They must kneel to it, cower before it, run from it, stab or shoot it, as the action of the play demands. The actors must, therefore, remember precisely where the spectre, invisible to them, appears to be to the eye of the spectators in front. The mistake of a moment in time may make the whole performance ridiculous. If every thing works well the illusion is complete. The senses of the spectator are completely cheated, even though he may know exactly how it is done. It would be well worth while to investigate how far the ghostly apparitions, which are recorded from the days of the Witch of Endor downward, have been produced by the thaumaturgists availing themselves of one of the most familiar laws in optics.

FORT POWELL.

WE give on this page a view, supplementary to our sketches of last week, of the attack upon FORT POWELL, at Grant's Pass, in Mobile Bay, by the mortar fleet under FARRAGUT, on the 24th of February last, as sketched during the engagement from the deck of the flag-ship *Calhoun*. Fort Powell is a sand battery commanding the Pass, which is a shallow strait connecting Mississippi Sound with Mobile Bay, along the northern side of Dauphin Island. The fort mounts eight or nine guns of various calibre, some of long range, and is so situated in relation to the shallow water that vessels of ordinary draught can not get within two and a half or three miles of it.

The bombardment of the fort was under the personal supervision of Admiral FARRAGUT, who directed movements from the deck of the *Calhoun*, and was principally maintained by the mortar schooners, or "Bummers," as they are facetiously called by the marines. Four gun-boats were in the action, namely, the flag-ship *Calhoun*, *Port Royal*, *Octorara*, and the *Jackson*. The method of attack was to tow the schooners up through and into the mud, to a position as near to the fort as possible, and leave them to pound away as best they could, the gun-boats taking post near by to render assistance in case the mortars were disabled.

After the bombardment was well opened the firing was vigorously sustained until it became apparent that the distance was too great to effect a reduction of the fort. The fleet accordingly hauled off to await reinforcements of light draught vessels from New Orleans. Of the shells thrown probably not more than a fifth part took effect; and the rebels repaired at night what damage was done during the day. The casualties of the fleet were unimportant.



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT POWELL BY ADMIRAL FARRAGUT'S FLEET, ON FEBRUARY 24, 1864.—SKETCHED DURING THE ENGAGEMENT.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Morton's Gold Pens are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety: showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Thirty years' uninterrupted use of BRANDRETH'S PILLS in the United States, their introduction to the people of Mexico, Central and South America, the Antilles, the Canadas and Australia, having been the means of saving from death and restoring to health thousands who have suffered from every form of disease, we may justly proclaim them the best purgative medicine the world has ever known.

Purgation is Nature's method of curing disease, and if any one doubts the fact, let him go to the Bible where the doctrine is taught. The horse, the dog and cat, when sick, resort to those grasses which open their bowels; even birds, who digest by muscular force alone, swallow stones to assist their evacuative powers. So instinct, as well as reason and the Bible, all teach that purgation is the natural law governing health.

Physicians who have been the most successful have invariably adhered to this natural law, though always with purgatives inferior to Brandreth's Pills.

To possess the secret of compounding the best purgative known to medical science is no slight responsibility. My chief object in life is to make the Brandreth Pills so they shall retain their high character, and hope that all the afflicted may be induced to try their merits and so be restored to health. The Brandreth Pills *increase the life principle and diminish the death principle.* If you ask how this is done, I reply: They cleanse the blood, correct and regulate all the secretions, and by purgation discharge the whole mass of morbid matter from the body, without reducing the strength! Purgation, with the remedies in fashion with the "regular profession," prostrate our strength to such a degree, in many cases, that an absolute injury to our general health is often produced; whereas Brandreth's Pills, while they cleanse the body by purgation, add strength to the vital powers.

B. BRANDRETH.

Principal Office, BRANDRETH BUILDING.

See B. Brandreth is on the Government stamp.

Standard Extracts.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, and all other popular hotels use Burnett's Flavoring Extracts. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

New Cavalry Badge, in Solid Silver, $1 50.

New Artillery and Battery Pin, in fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Battle Pin, with the likeness of either General, in fine Gold Plate, $1.

New Naval Pin, fine Gold Plate, $1 50.

New Pontonier's Pin, do., $1 50.

New Engineer's Pin, do., $1 50.

Also a Solid Silver Shield, or either Army Corps, Div., or Co. Pins, with your Name, Reg., and Co. handsomely engraved thereon, for $1. Liberal commission and premiums allowed to agents.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweler, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

World's Conqueror.

For Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, &c., &c. No sick person need despair while a bottle of this medicine is left. Send for circular and see character of testimonials, and you will be convinced. It has no equal. Price $1; 6 bottles for $5.

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Office 36 Beekman Street, New York.

POLLAK & SON,
Meerschaum Manufacturers, 357 Broome St., near Bowery, N. Y., sell wholesale and retail. Will send, free of charge, a genuine Pipe for 6 Dollars. Pipes cut to order and repaired.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, New York, want Agents in every county and every regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for circular.

Solid Silver, $1 50.

Solid 18 k. gold, $6 50.

Veteran Soldiers.
We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veteran Pins for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field, at $1 50 each. Also all the various Army Badges worn by the different Armies, by the single one, 100, or 1000.

Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for a circular. Address Drowne & Moore, Manufacturing Jewelers, 208 Broadway, New York.

"THE PEN IS MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD."

THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,
MORTON'S GOLD PENS,
THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 00 a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.
For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.
For $3 00, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.
For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

GOLD PENS, ALL FIRST QUALITY, IN SILVER-MOUNTED DESK HOLDERS.

For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.
For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

"The 3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

All remittances sent by mail in registered letters are at my risk: and to all who send twenty cents (the charge for registering), in addition to the price of goods ordered, I will guaranty their safe delivery.

Parties sending Gold or Silver will be allowed the full premium on the day received.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $12, of 15 per cent. on $24, and of 20 per cent. on $40, if sent to one address at one time.

Address, A. MORTON,
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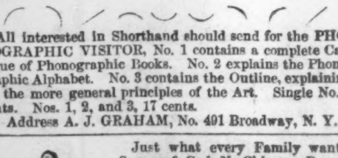
SOMETHING NEW
IN PLAYING CARDS.
LOVE SCENES.
Designs from French Artists.

The above new Card has fifty-two beautiful pictures, of elegant design, and they can also be used the same as ordinary playing cards, thus combining pleasure with amusement. Enclose 50 cents and two red stamps, and send for sample pack. $5 per dozen. Liberal discount by gross to dealers. H. A. CASWELL, 60 Nassau St., New York.

MOSKWA,

For Chronic and Inflammatory Rheumatism, Hip Complaint, Paralyzed Limbs, White Swelling, Neuralgia, Cramp, Spine Disease, Pain in the Breast, Side or Loins, &c., &c. The almost magical effect of this remedy has enabled the proprietor to cure not only his thousands, but his tens of thousands within the last 40 years of his practice, and he challenges the world to produce an article of superior merit, as the ingredients combined possess virtues of the highest order. Try it afflicted sufferer. Price $1; 6 bottles $5. Send for circular.

DR. CLINTON KUYPERS,
Office 36 Beekman Street,
New York.



All interested in Shorthand should send for the PHONOGRAPHIC VISITOR, No. 1 contains a complete Catalogue of Phonographic Books. No. 2 explains the Phonographic Alphabet. No. 3 contains the Outline, explaining all the more general principles of the Art. Single No. 7 cents. Nos. 1, 2, and 3, 17 cents.

Address A. J. GRAHAM, No. 491 Broadway, N. Y.

Just what every Family wants. Savage & Co.'s No Chimney Burner for Hand Lamps and Lanterns, burns Kerosene Oil with a brilliant light without chimney, smoke, or odor. Saves 25 per cent. Office 202 Fulton St., N. Y. Agents wanted. Send for circular. Sample sent free for 50 cts. American Institute awarded 1st Premium and Medal, 1863.

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Twines and Paper. H. A. HARVEY, 84 Maiden Lane. New York.

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BRODIE'S
SPRING OPENING
Took place on
Tuesday, 8th March.
BRODIE,
The Leader of Fashions,
Will make an early Spring Opening of
Ladies' Garments.

For novelty of style, for richness of material, and for endless variety of colors, coupled with moderate prices, the ladies of America never had such inducements to call on the

"Leader of Fashions."
No. 300 Canal Street,
Near Broadway.

Caution
FROM
The American Watch Company.

It having come to our knowledge that imitations of the American Watch have been put upon the market in great numbers, calculated, by their utter worthlessness, to injure the reputation of our genuine products—to protect our own interests and the public from imposition, we again publish the trade marks by which our Watches may invariably be known.

We manufacture four styles of Watches:

The first has the name
"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The second has the name
"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The third has the name
"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The fourth has the name
"WM. ELLERY, Boston, Mass." engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually inscribed with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co., of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Fourth or Wm. Ellery grade, usually known as the "Soldier's Watch;" others are named the "Appleton Watch Co.;" others the "P. S. BartLEY," instead of our P. S. Bartlett, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

A little attention on the part of buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
Agents for the American Watch Company,
182 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Enameled Chamber
FURNITURE

The best assortment of Enameled Furniture in all colors and styles, walnut and chestnut, plain and ornamental, in suits, wholesale and retail. Also Mattresses and Paillasses. WARREN WARD, 277 Canal St., N. Y.

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Consumptive sufferers will receive a valuable prescription for the cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all Throat and Lung affections (free of charge), by sending their address to

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At Baltimore, Washington, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

Military and Naval

Collection and Banking Office.—Somes, Brown & Co., No. 2 Park Place, New York, adjust and collect every variety of just claims against the Government or States. Hand-Books containing laws, &c., sent by mail, free.

The "Star" No Chimney Burner,

For Kerosene Oil Lamps and Lanterns, gives a brilliant light free from smoke or smell, and needs no chimney. We are now prepared to supply the increasing demand for this superior Burner, which everywhere gives satisfaction. Sample sent, postpaid for 35 cts. Agents wanted.

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Printing-Press for Sale.

One Taylor Double Cylinder, five Rollers, Table Distribution, Bed 33x51. Price $3500.

Apply to HARPER & BROTHERS, 329 Pearl St., N.Y.

$7 ARMY WATCH. $7

A Beautiful Engraved Gold Plated Watch, Double Case, Lever Cap, small size, enameled dial, cut hands, "*English Movements*," and correct time-keeper, sent free by mail in neat case, only $7.

A Silver Watch, same as above, only $7. Specially adapted to the Army.

$15 European Timekeeper. $15
Or, Compass Watch.

A Superb "*Extra Double Gold Plated*" engraved or engine turned Hunting Case Watch, Magic Spring, "*Genuine English Jeweled* or *Nickel Movements*," "M. J. Tobias" Independent Action, Self Balance, and has a neat Miniature Compass set in the movements, making it a "*Correct Guide*" to the *Soldier or Traveler*. Perfect timekeeper, "*warranted one year.*" Will stand Acid, and is an

Exact Imitation of $100 Watch,
Used by the British Army Officers,

Sent free by mail, in elegant Morocco Case, for only $15.

English Sterling Silver Lever Watches, engraved Hunting Case, full jeweled movements, warranted, $18.

$30 AMERICAN LEVERS. $30

Full Ruby Jeweled, 4 oz. Coin Silver Hunting Case, *Gold Joints*, with Magic Spring, full guarantee, only $30.

Real English Duplex Stop Watch,

In Massive Silver Hunting Cases, full jeweled, Sweep Seconds, for *Artillerists* or timing horses, with *full guarantee*, only $30.

Good Watches, for Army use, of all descriptions. We are sole importers of the above styles of European Watches. Catalogue of trade prices mailed free.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 20 says of the "European Timekeeper," "It is a novelty here, and an imitation of the celebrated timekeeper so much in use among the British army officers, and is calculated to meet the wants of our soldiers in the field." *Illustrated News* says, "Correct timepieces; and for beauty and fine finish they are equal in appearance to $100 watches."

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Our New Pocket Album,

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Seventy-five Cents,

is the cheapest and best Pocket Album ever offered to the public.

Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Seventy-five Cents

SAMUEL BOWLES & COMPANY,
Photograph Album Manufacturers,
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THE JAN., FEB., AND MARCH PICTORIAL DOUBLE NUMBERS PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL are the best ever issued. They contain more than 100 Portraits and other Engravings, including Major-Gen. Banks, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Elgin, Gen. Thomas, Bishop Hughes, Captains Speke and Grant, with Characters and Biographies; also Beautiful Women. Only 45 cents for the three, or $1 50 a year. New Vol. Address FOWLER & WELLS, No. 308 Broadway, N. Y.

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HAIR DYE

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW a little of everything relating to the human system, diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read *revised and enlarged* edition of

MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver, and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Affections of the Urinary Organs, Barrenness, Rupture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles, Marriage, the Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Elopements, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to married and single never written before, making, altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 100 illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of $1 50. Address E. B. FOOTE, M.D., No. 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

Madame Benedict's MILLINERY and DRESS-MAKING Establishment is now REPLETE with every IMPORTED NOVELTY of the season.

12 Waverly Place, N. Y.

50 Duets for Violin and Piano, 50c. "Bugle Call," 50 Patriotic Songs and Quartettes, 50c. "Tunes of the World," Accordeon, Flute, Violin, or Flageolet, 50c. Italian and Silk Violin Strings, 25c., mailed. Descriptive price list musical instruments sent on receipt of post-stamp. FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

New Catalogue of Jewelry

Sent free. Address
THOS. CAFFERTY & CO.,
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All kinds of Sewing Machine Needles. J. W. BARTLETT, Manufacturer, 442 Broadway, N. Y. Wholesale or Retail. Mail or Express.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

Of Articles to be sold for One Dollar each.

100	Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$115 00 each.
100	Gold Watches	70 00 each.
200	Ladies' Gold Watches	40 00 each.
500	Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	18 00 each.
3000	Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000	" " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000	Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000	Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100	Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000	Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000	Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000	Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Ballard Patent
Breech Loading Rifles and Carbines,

Carrying the copper water-proof cartridge, and also using *ordinary loose ammunition.* *This* arm is now admitted by all competitors to be superior to any other ever offered to the public. The great advantage of loading with either fixed or loose ammunition alone makes it superior to all others.

We also offer to the public our new Plant & Reynolds Cartridge and loose ammunition loading revolver. This arm has no equal as a belt or pocket weapon.

For further particulars send for descriptive circular.

P. S. Do not forget that both Rifles and Pistols may be used with either copper cartridge or loose ammunition.

MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
262 Broadway, N. Y.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

RHEUMATISM.

USE THE ELECTRO-METALLIC INSOLES, BELTS, and ARMLETS. They are an INFALLIBLE REMEDY for RHEUMATISM, COLD FEET, &c. METTAM & Co., No. 429 Broadway, N. Y.
Insoles, $1 per pair; Belts, $3; Armlets, $1 50 each. Sent by mail for 30 cents additional.

ACROSTIC.

Lines suggested by using the SOAP, SALERATUS, *and* CONCENTRATED POTASH, *manufactured by* B. T. BABBITT, *New York.*

By the cares of a family, made weary and sad,
The return of wash-day almost drives my v ife mad;
By the bother with servants who are stubborn and mope;
And the impossibility of getting good soap;
But now all her troubles from that source are o'er,
BABBITT'S SOAP is procured; they grumble no more.
It is true, as I know, and have often heard said,
That naught vexes the housewife like heavy, sour bread;
There are mistakes often made in all that she bakes,
Sour biscuits, hard crackers, and sour buckwheat cakes;
Put in but some SODA, with BABBITT'S name on it,
Oh, what a great change! Is it magic that done it?
Then to the "office" where types are ne'er clean,
And the paper that's printed is not fit to be seen,
Send off at once, for there's no time to be lost!
Have the CONCENTRATED POTASH, don't think of the cost.

64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.

NATIONAL BATTLE PINS.

McClellan, Grant, Rosecrans, Banks, Meade, Gillmore, Burnside, Hooker, Sigel, and Foster. All are the same Pattern as the cut, only differing in battle-grounds and dates. Perfect photograph likeness in each pin, plated with fine gold. By enclosing One Dollar a sample will be sent by mail.

AGENTS WANTED IN AND OUT THE ARMY. The undersigned has the exclusive right of manufacture, and the inventor of this beautiful keepsake and record of gallant acts. Also,

Cavalry and Artillery Pins.

The above cuts represent perfectly the Cavalry and Artillery Pins we have been getting up in Silver Metal, to answer the urgent inquiries from day to day from that important branch of the service so long neglected in appropriate badges. The Cavalry and Artillery Pins are Enameled for the Divisions in

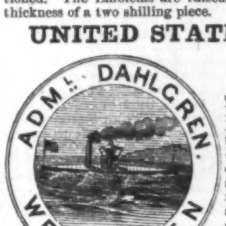
Red, White and Blue,

The outer rim highly polished as Silver can be for the Name, Co., and Regiment. These Pins are Silver Metal, and cost One Dollar and Twenty-Five Cents, with the Name, Co., and Regiment engraved upon them, or One Dollar without engraving. If any engraving is desired beyond the Name, "Co." and Regiment, Three Cents per Letter or Figure will be charged.

AGENTS will be furnished at $6 per dozen without engraving, and $9 per dozen with the amount above mentioned. The Emblems are raised, and the Pin about the thickness of a two shilling piece.

UNITED STATES NAVY

Monitor Pins.



The cut is a correct copy of the Monitor Pins got up in Silver Metal. The name of the Monitor and purchaser of Pin will be engraved upon the same, and furnished for $1 50 each. The Pins are very beautiful, and got up expressly by desire of many officers of the Navy. Same Pins got up in Solid Gold.

Agents wanted, and supplied at $7 per dozen, without engraving, and $10 per dozen, engraved as above.

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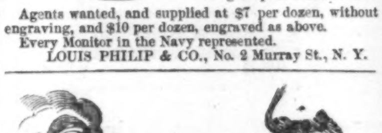

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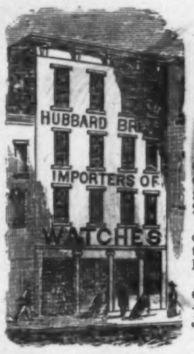

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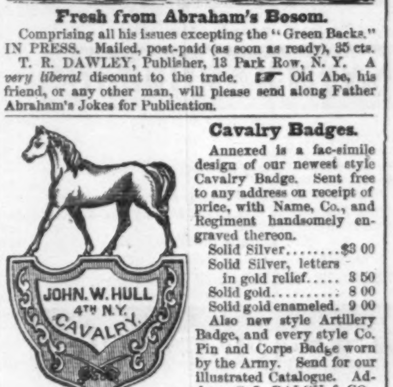

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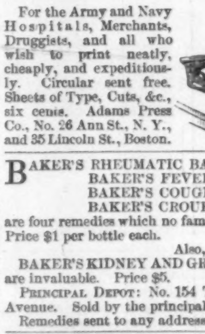

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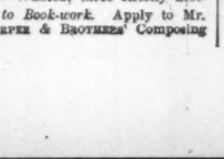

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